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AMERICA AND LANCASHIRE.

EVERY day that the desolating and suicidal war in America continues is an additional day of folly and of wrong. Every day demonstrates more clearly the hopelessness of Federal success. Every day unveils more distinctly the sinister and impure motives which actuate the principal advocates for the prolongation of the strife. Every day adds to the severity of the distress which that strife inflicts on those industrious classes who are remote from its scene and are wholly innocent of its origin. The correspondence lately laid before Parliament, especially the reports of Mr. Anderson and the despatches of Lord Lyons, throw much light on the first of these points, and the riots at Ashton and Staleybridge render the last only too sadly certain.

There is said to be an appearance of a revival of the war spirit in the Northern States, and some persons are of opinion that those prospects of peace which were supposed to be indicated by the democratic victories at elections and the obvious and increasing discontent of some of the Western States, are, for the time at least, obscured. We scarcely think this. It is true that the Democrats do not seem at present prepared to avow either that they despair of the restoration of the Union, or that they are prepared at once to commence negotiations for an amicable separation. It is true also that the Republicans seem to be nerving themselves for one more desperate and unscrupulous attempt to crush their antagonists, without regard to the consideration whether liberty and justice may not also be crushed in the encounter. It is true that the rising discontent and the incipient desertion of some of the Western States appear to have been checked, for the time, by the peremptory threats and the repressive hand of the military chiefs. But all this does not invalidate our conviction, that the only parties who are now resolute and sincere in urging the prolongation of the conflict are the contractors and jobbers, who know that peace would bring about a cessation of their plunder, and might possibly involve the necessity of disgorging their ill-gotten gains,—the officials, high and low, who dread lest peace should bring about a day of retribution and punishment for their lawless and unconstitutional proceedings,—and the fanatical Abolitionists, who are conscious that peace must entail the abandonment of that Emancipation policy for the sake of which they seem willing to spend any money, to run any risk, to do any mischief, and to shed any blood. Now, enthusiasts who dread failure, administrative malefactors who dread arraignment, and corrupt tradesmen who dread detection and impoverishment, constitute together a very influential section of the people, no doubt, but still they are neither the whole people, nor even the majority of the people. We have no doubt that the jobbers will persist as

long as "green-backs" and Treasury bonds pass current at any reasonable discount; that the government will endeavour to make the war last as long as Mr. Lincoln's term of office, and that the New England Abolitionists will move heaven and earth rather than voluntarily abandon their favourite scheme. But we think, nevertheless, that all these parties feel the ground crumbling away beneath their feet.

The last-named party, especially, are standing upon very hollow and indefensible ground. Only a very small minority of the people even in the North are "anti-slavery," in our sense of the word. The Emancipationists desire to free the negro, but not to fraternize with him. They wish to embarrass and injure the planter against whom they fight, but not to benefit the slave, in whose name and for whose sake some dreamers would persuade us the war was undertaken and is now being waged. The Anti-Negro riots in Detroit, the prohibition of negro immigration in several of the Western States, the bitter feeling which is nearly everywhere manifested against the negroes when they penetrate towards the North, combine to make this very clear. Mr. Anderson, who was sent to the Border and Western districts by Lord Lyons, speaks thus:—

"Nowhere in the Abolitionist States could I find that the freedom of the slave was connected in men's minds with the idea of the amelioration of his condition; nor did the question ever seem to have been seriously agitated what was to be done with the mass of emancipated negroes. I found there was only one point upon which opinion seemed to be unanimous, which was, that no general immigration of negroes into the Free States could be permitted: they must be freed, but they must be kept at a distance; but with these two conditions satisfied, there seemed to be little disposition to pursue the question any further. One of the few persons I met who had devoted thought to this matter, and who had brought very great intelligence to bear upon it, confessed to me that he could see no solution; that the North would not admit the vast body of fugitives, while they could not be returned to the South; and that any scheme of emigration would fail, from the unwillingness of the negro to leave the country. He said the question had been forced upon the country before it was prepared to deal with it, and that he could only trust that the future would develop a solution."

To us it seems very clear that a cessation of the war is as imperatively demanded by the interests of the negro as by those of the white men of both sections. We can conceive few things more deplorable than the prospects of the slave at the present moment, or more criminally reckless than the conduct of his *soi-disant* advocates and liberators. They are very desirous to free him, but appear to have no notion of befriending him. They will take him from his present position, but will place him in no other. If the war lasts much longer, and if it can really be carried into the interior of the Southern States, and if the Abolitionists are to be allowed, as is now rumoured, to decide and direct its

movements and proceedings, it is by no means improbable that large masses of the negroes may become embroiled with their former masters, have their position made quite untenable, and their notions and habits utterly disorganized; may be emancipated into helpless destitution, with the certainty that, when they appeal to their liberators to ask what they are to do and where they are to go, they will be met with a repulse, if not with insult, and with the reply, "Do what you like, and go where you like—only don't come near us." Assuredly, slaves as they are, and maltreated as they are liable to be, we cannot conceive it to be for the interest of the negroes that the Federals should conquer.

Now let us turn for a moment to the suffering English working-class who lie nearer to our homes and hearts. For upwards of a year the operatives in our manufacturing districts (to say nothing of those in France and Germany) have been deprived more or less completely of their ordinary means of living. During that period they have been subsisting on about one-third of their usual earnings, have pawned their clothes, have sacrificed their property, have exhausted the savings of long previous years of industry and self-denial. During that period they have been assisted by the liberal charity of the country and by heavy burdens laid upon the ratepayers. Upwards of a million and a half of money has been distributed among them, and probably at least as much more will have to be contributed in one shape or another before the crisis is past. All this distress and all this pressure have been laid upon them by no fault of their own, and as the result of proceedings which no effort on their part could have averted. The suffering of England has arisen solely from the quarrels of America. The present prolongation of that suffering is due solely to the persistence of the Federals in a hopeless and almost objectless contest. Our operatives want nothing but cotton to be again prosperous and happy. The Confederate States wish only to be allowed to grow cotton for us and to sell it to us. Great quantities of it are actually at this moment waiting in the interior to be packed and shipped for our behoof. But the Northerners interpose their blockading squadron, and say that it shall not pass,—that Lancashire mills shall still be silent, and that Lancashire workmen shall still starve or beg. Hitherto we have borne this patiently. The blockade was an unquestionable right of the belligerent Federals; and so long as they were fighting for a definite aim, in which it was possible to fancy a good cause, and with a reasonable prospect of success, we bore the infliction without a murmur, accepted it as a dispensation of Providence, and magnanimously resolved that the Northerners should have fair play, and should coerce and subdue their adversaries if they could. They have tried hard for two years, and have not only failed, but appear further from victory than ever. Naturally enough, therefore, we are growing tired of this. We are weary of men who can neither advance their cause nor candidly abandon it as impracticable. Our operatives are weary of being destitute and idle; our capitalists are weary of seeing their mills standing still, and their wealth rapidly wasting away. Ratepayers are weary of demands for levies of 5s. and 8s. in the pound, which many of them are unable to pay. Relief Committees and Boards of Guardians are growing weary of their difficult and painful task. The people are growing turbulent and angry; the military have had to be called out to suppress riots; our towns have been disgraced by violence; and discontented citizens have been marched off to gaol. And all this because the Washington Government will neither listen to reason nor look at facts.

Now, we do not say that all this is a basis for positive interference or for diplomatic action. We do not think Lord Stratford's proposal for a recognition of the Southern Confederacy would of itself do anything towards terminating this deplorable conjuncture. We do not say that we ought to insist on the raising of the blockade, and refuse to be kept without cotton because two sections of a distant people choose to engage in an internecine and interminable struggle. But we do say that the North should consider well that we cannot see our people demoralized, our purses exhausted, our industry paralyzed, and our prisons filled, and know that it is the Northern obstinacy alone which inflicts all these evils upon us, without sentiments of more than simple disapproval.

THE INNISKILLING DRAGOON.

WE are glad to observe that a question has been put to the Minister of War with regard to the now notorious case of Sergeant-Major Lilley, of the Inniskilling Dragoons. It is neither for the interest of the army nor for the interest of the public that such cases should be discussed in Parliament or in the press; but, unfortunately, experience shows that, without such discussion, it is difficult for any soldier, without powerful connections, to obtain justice. If Sergeant-Major Lilley, instead of being the son of a poor Lincolnshire carrier, who relied solely upon his own merits for his advancement, had possessed the social advantages of such officers as the Earl of Cardigan, General Windham, or Quartermaster-General Airey, there would have been no need to appeal to the public. Their commanding officers would never have dared to treat them as poor Lilley has been treated; or if they had ventured to do so, they would readily have obtained the most ample redress. In such a case as this it is difficult to be temperate. On the other hand, where so many eminent persons are to blame, it is difficult to believe that there has not been some exaggeration. It may be that the statements which have been made by the relations of the Sergeant-Major have been gross misrepresentations. Whether this be so or not, they certainly demand investigation. If the story told by Lilley's friends is false, Colonel Crawley and the military authorities in India have suffered, and are suffering, under the most grievous calumnies; and the press, both in India and in this country, have made themselves liable to no ordinary penalties. If, on the other hand, the story told by Lilley's friends be true, he was cruelly wronged by his commanding officer. Matters cannot be allowed to remain thus. The memory of the dead sergeant or the reputation of the living colonel must be vindicated. The honour of the British army and the character of the Royal Duke at the head of that army imperatively require the elucidation of this mystery. The facts of the case are sufficiently simple.

On the 25th of January, 1844, John Lilley, the son of a carrier in Lincolnshire, was attested for the Inniskilling (6th) Dragoons, at the age of nineteen. On the 19th of December, 1848, he became a corporal; and on the 16th of July, 1852, a sergeant. The next year he was promoted to the rank of troop-sergeant; and on the 3rd of July, 1853, to that of regimental sergeant-major. On the 25th of May, 1862, he died in prison. From the beginning of his career, until that period, he had continued to acquire the good opinion of all his superiors, and had, at least upon one occasion, been called to the front of his regiment, and had been highly complimented for the steadiness, coolness, and courage he had evinced on more than one occasion. If any further evidence were needed of the character which Sergeant-Major Lilley bore, it would be found in that furnished only last year, after his lamentable death, by Colonel Shute, of the 4th Dragoon Guards. This officer some years ago commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons. He "knew Lilley well during his whole service in the army," and, in answer to a letter from the Sergeant-Major's relatives, Colonel Shute thus wrote:—"I considered Lilley one of the most straightforward, truthful, and worthy men I ever knew, thoroughly sober and trustworthy, an excellent soldier, and respected by all who knew him." To prove the sincerity of Colonel Shute, it may be mentioned that whilst in command of the Inniskilling Dragoons, he recommended Lilley for his commission as an officer, and for the adjutancy of the corps.

So long as Colonel Shute continued to command the Inniskilling Dragoons there was no cavalry regiment in the service more contented or in more admirable discipline. No sooner, however, was Colonel Shute replaced by Colonel Crawley, than a transformation ensued. The causes of that transformation it is unnecessary to enter upon; it is enough to say that in the meantime the regiment had returned to India, and that whilst at Mhow the Paymaster, Smales, wrote a letter to Colonel Crawley, reflecting upon his conduct, whereupon a court-martial was ordered to assemble to try the Paymaster. The investigation lasted thirty days. The evidence was singularly contradictory—a counterpart of the celebrated Bentinck business at Dublin. But among the witnesses who were summoned by the Paymaster in his defence were three non-commissioned officers of the regiment, Sergeant-Major Lilley, and Troop-Sergeants Duval and Wakefield. Now it should be observed that none of these men were voluntary witnesses. They were summoned

by Paymaster Smales. He was entitled to summon them, and they were compelled to attend. It was, no doubt, an awkward thing for Colonel Crawley to find that three of the most respectable non-commissioned officers in his own regiment were about to appear against him, and therefore it was not unnatural that he should wish to damage their testimony. However this may be, it is undoubtedly the fact that as soon as the summons to appear as witnesses was served, Lilley, Duval, and Wakefield were ordered to attend at the private quarters of their Colonel, where they were privately examined as to having spoken disparagingly of their commanding officer—which, however, they indignantly denied—and were at once marched as prisoners to their respective quarters and placed in close confinement. Here we are told was a double injustice. In the first place the examination took place in the Colonel's private house instead of in the orderly room. In the second place, although there were two field-officers present with the regiment at this very time, and although these officers ought to have been summoned, no one was present in Colonel Crawley's house except his private friends. Nor was this all. The Sergeant-Major's house was a small bomb-proof building built upon arches, to which no doors were affixed, so that a sentry posted in one part had a view of most of the interior of the whole building. The unfortunate Sergeant-Major was a married man. His children had died a short time before the arrest, and at that period his wife was in the last stage of consumption, kept alive, in fact, only by stimulants ordered for her by the surgeon. Colonel Crawley, with his own lips, it is said, and in presence of several officers, desired the sentry "not to lose sight of his prisoner." Thus not only was the dying woman deprived of all intercourse with her friends or persons of her own sex, but she was compelled to perform every act of life in his presence. No wonder that Lilley, when he came to give his evidence before the court-martial assembled to try Paymaster Smales should have said, with tears in his eyes: "The last act (of harsh conduct) is still in existence by a sentry being placed over my bedroom where my sick wife is lying. The door is quite open, and the sentry is posted about two feet from my bed." Such conduct was barbarous. It was more. It was grossly illegal. The Articles of War distinctly declare that "no officer or soldier who shall be put under arrest or confinement shall continue in such arrest or confinement more than eight days, or until such time as a court-martial can be conveniently assembled." Neither Sergeant-Major Lilley nor his comrades had been tried by court-martial, and their confinement continued for more than a month. If they were really guilty of conspiring against their commanding officer, as he alleged, or if Lilley was a notorious drunkard, as he also alleged, his obvious duty was to put them upon their trial. If his object had been to maintain discipline, he would have done so. But if his object was to silence them, or to damage their testimony, he followed a more effectual course. No European, however strong, can endure for a month the heat of an Indian sun in quarters so confined as those occupied by these sergeants. Harassed and exhausted, poor Lilley and his comrade were gradually sinking, when, on the 25th of May, 1862, the order for his release arrived. But it was too late. That very morning he died. The other two sergeants were transferred to the hospital—Wakefield on the verge of madness, Duval utterly prostrated by his long imprisonment. Such are the facts alleged against Colonel Crawley. Are they true, or are they false? If they are true, how comes it that Colonel Crawley still bears the Queen's commission? If they are false, let there be a court of inquiry, that he may vindicate his character.

POLAND AND THE WESTERN POWERS.

M. BILLAULT'S speech upon the Polish question deserves the appreciation of Europe; for it is one of the most masterly expositions of the Imperial policy yet given to the world. The line of conduct sketched out by the Minister for his Imperial master is a sound and stable one. Prince Napoleon had represented with great oratorical ability the sentiments and wishes of democratic France. The Emperor stands in a peculiar relation to democratic France. The triumph of France and of her opinions shall be assured, but not by the hasty and feverish expedient of a desperate war from which all Europe, except France, is to stand aloof. For a single day Prince Napoleon took Paris by storm, and

confounded the Bench of Ministers themselves. In the morning M. Billault returned with confidence to the charge, reinspired with courage by the reflections of the intervening night, and perhaps by direct communications held with his Sovereign. The Emperor of France shares all the sympathy which is felt by the French people for Poland. But are we, he asks, not unnaturally, by the mouth of M. Billault, to fling ourselves singly upon Russia, and by a one-handed enterprise to excite the envy, the jealousy, and the suspicion, of the united Continent? Not such is the lesson which the Imperial student of the Tuileries has learnt from the history of the First Empire or even from the experience of the last ten years. At the head of Europe, and supported by the public opinion of Europe, France is all powerful. But single-handed wars in the teeth of European opinion brought France to Waterloo. As the Apostle of a great movement a Napoleon is irresistible. As a solitary and suspected missionary no Napoleon is secure. Such is the view of the monarch who holds in his hand the destinies of the French Empire and the peace of Europe. He is ready to act with Europe in favour of the Poles. But if England and Austria decide upon inaction, nothing is left for the French nation but inaction too. It will be for those who steer the helm of empire to watch and bide their time, to neglect no opportunities, to make the most of chances, and to endeavour to secure by moral power and influence those salutary changes in the state of Europe which at present cannot safely be brought about by French bayonets.

There can be no reasonable doubt but that it is the English Foreign Office which has prevented active interposition in favour of the Poles. It would have been a piece of political Don Quixotism if the Cabinet of the Tuileries had broken with Russia only to awaken on this side of the Channel the same murmurs of dissatisfaction and suspicion that made themselves heard at the beginning of the Lombardy campaign. Not much Liberal sympathy could have been expected to grow upon the borders of the Austrian Dead Sea. Prussia has already pronounced for despotism; and Napoleon III. might have suddenly found himself face to face with an armed reactionary coalition. There is enough in the prospect to bid the most revolutionary dreamer pause. The Emperor has paused accordingly, and he has very fairly published his reasons to the Continent. It was his clear duty to France to engage in nothing singly. England, it seems, on the other hand, was determined to venture nothing—not even diplomatic remonstrance—in common. It will be for the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston to explain their reasons for the policy they have chosen to adopt. Once more the line this country has been compelled by her Government to take seems *prima facie* to justify the ill-natured criticisms of the Liberals of other countries. A considerable crisis has occurred at which an unhappy and miserably-oppressed race is found struggling for existence against a semi-barbarous and despotic power. Proposals are made to the English Foreign Office for a joint action in the matter, in concert with the other leading Powers. These proposals Lord Russell has declined. He probably was of opinion that, at a great European crisis, the great thing for him to do was to write a letter. The noble lord is a fluent and a pertinacious correspondent, and by this time he has probably covered reams of paper upon the Polish question. Every English envoy, both in the Old and New World, down to the Secretary of Legation at Japan, has doubtless been gradually informed of what Lord Russell does think and what he does not think about Poland, and is undergoing the usual amount of instruction about all the various treaties on the subject of the Poles for the last hundred years. During the past month all the clerks of the Foreign Office have been working double time at the history of the Poles. Nothing is to be seen in that diligent department but maps, and indexes, and documents. Five or six of the ablest young noblemen, whose business has been to analyze everything they can lay their hands on, have almost written themselves away. Lord Russell himself never lays aside his pen except to look out a word in a dictionary; and whatever becomes of the Polish revolution it will be handed down to posterity with a careful and complete correspondence touching on everything that has happened, either at St. Petersburg or at Warsaw, since the era of Stanislaus. The spirit of autobiography and of historical research is making tremendous play in Downing-street.

We do not say that England ought to go to war for

Poland, far less to push the French Emperor towards war. But certainly it lies upon Lord Russell to show why England, under his direction, has refused to act in diplomatic conjunction with France. The ways of the English Foreign Office are dark, and it may be that Lord Russell has hidden grounds for holding back. Unless he explains them satisfactorily the double responsibility will rest upon his head, of exposing us to the certain reproach of selfishness and sluggishness, and of gravely disappointing the friends of liberty all over the world. English hearths and homes are too dear to us for us to desire to see England wrapped in the flames of a great war. As yet there has been no question of war, nor can we believe that no alternative presents itself to us except either a desperate war, or, on the other hand, a sullen attitude of isolation on the Polish question towards France and the rest of Europe. Isolation Lord Russell seems to choose, and isolation England will probably find her portion when she wants it least. It is this policy of isolation on our part which has before now left Europe exposed to the dangers of war and revolution. We protest against it most solemnly and with all our strength. England does not wish for foreign alliances any more than for foreign enmities. But when the interests of civilization are at stake, and there is a question of a simultaneous expression of opinion on the part of liberal Europe, to take refuge in political isolation, as the only means of keeping safely out of trouble, is a policy that can only be excused by grave and indisputable necessity.

As for the Polish revolution, it seems that it is destined to run its course. The rival claims of Langiewicz and of General Mieroslawski to the Dictatorship point to an old and incurable Polish disease, namely, that of internal civic jealousy. Whatever the cause, the effect must be to dishearten the national forces. In time, it is more than probable that a bloody and cruel order will again reign at Warsaw. Poland will have to return to her chain, and the savage soldiery that now can scarcely make head against the Polish scythemen will be permitted to revenge themselves for their many defeats upon the unarmed women and children of Poland. It is a sad fate; but the Poles, while they undergo their destiny, will have the glorious consolation of reflecting that nothing has tempted England and France to break through the golden law of non-intervention. The women and children, too, while they are being tortured, will be able to bless Heaven that at last the great principle of non-intervention is safe. Let us hope they will appreciate the privilege of martyrdom in such a cause. To every generous mind in this country it will be a pain and a grief to look on while these things are being done. We are told it is a necessity to remain inactive; but at least we may be allowed to say that it is a sad necessity. Englishmen will not be the better pleased with a European *status quo* which leads to such miserable results, or with a foreign policy of which the necessities are so deplorable. The world is out of joint; and it is at best a meagre satisfaction to be able to think with Lord Palmerston that we are not born to set it right.

THE EQUALIZATION OF THE INCOME-TAX.

THERE are certain problems that are never solved, but the solution of which possesses an unfailing attraction for the ingenuity and industry of mankind. Enthusiasts are still engaged in squaring the circle or in endeavouring to discover the secret of perpetual motion. But these are either very young persons, or are conducting their studies under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Middle-aged, respectable gentlemen, residing at their own houses and free from all restraint, have not, however, given up the hope of adjusting the Income-tax, so that it shall weigh upon everybody, whatever his condition in life, with a nicely equivalent pressure. Mr. Cox, of Finsbury, once assured the electors of his borough that he had in his pocket a specific for the grievances which are so loudly complained of. Mr. Whalley has spared time from the study of the Romish theology taught at Maynooth to concoct another infallible scheme. But so far as we remember, neither of these proposals have seen the daylight, and at present Mr. Hubbard stands before the world as the most prominent, if not the only champion prepared to do battle with the monster that for the last one-and-twenty years has been ravaging our pockets and irritating our tempers. As to his courage there can be no mistake, for the bones of his predecessors lie thick around

him. In 1850 the late Mr. Hume obtained a committee of the House of Commons, before which he vainly laid his little plan; while the same tribunal was favoured with a still more elaborate draft from a number of actuaries. Nothing, indeed, could be more beautifully precise or scientific than this. Every man's income was to be accurately taken at its capitalized value, having regard to the source from which it was derived, the nature of his interest in it, the period of his life, and a variety of other matters—and upon this capitalized value the tax was to be levied. As a mathematical speculation, it was perfect. Unfortunately, it was like those machines which would work admirably if only there were no atmosphere, and no friction, and no difficulty in combining delicacy and strength in the same working parts. The prettiest economical toy that was ever looked at,—every practical man saw at a glance that it would never act, under the conditions to which it would be exposed in this imperfect world. The actuaries piled mountains upon mountains of figures and algebraical formulas,—but their bantling fell absolutely still-born. No member of Parliament would have anything to do with it; and the committee arrived at the ignominious conclusion of reporting the evidence they had taken, without any resolutions or recommendations. Mr. Disraeli next indulged us with the hope that he would at least adjust the burthen of the tax between incomes derived from fixed property and those arising from trades and professions. But our confidence in his promised solution was early dashed by the discovery, that he had nothing ready except the vague outline of a project, while he had postponed for subsequent consideration the practical difficulties and the working details. However, we need not dwell upon this, for we all remember the fate of the memorable budget in which it figured, and of the Government by whom this was proposed. In 1853, Mr. Gladstone succeeded in convincing the House that it was hopeless to reconstruct the Income-tax; or to redress the injustice which he admitted, by anything short of its abolition—in 1860. The Crimean War and the high rate of expenditure which it left behind, were fatal obstacles to the realization of these brilliant anticipations of prospective finance. Still, so far as Parliament went, there was a general acquiescence in the present mode of levying the impost, until, in 1861, Mr. Hubbard himself obtained another committee and a renewed investigation. That body was composed of men of the highest ability and the greatest practical knowledge. It took a vast mass of evidence, and neglected no source of information. And it terminated its labours by a report not only condemning Mr. Hubbard's own scheme, but declaring that, in their opinion, there was no alternative between giving up the tax altogether and retaining it in its present form. In a word, they came to the conclusion at which Mr. Pitt and Sir R. Peel each arrived, when they respectively resorted to this source of revenue. There is thus an immensely preponderating weight of authority on one side of a question, where authority is of peculiar value. For its difficulties do not consist in laying down principles which every man can—or thinks he can—settle for himself; but in the application of principles to the most complicated, diverse, and ever-shifting states of fact. It is clear that such a subject can only be thoroughly sifted by a committee going carefully and minutely into the subject, with the requisite evidence before them; and that no justice can be done to it either in parliamentary debate or in brief articles. The House of Commons, at least, appears to be of that opinion, for it has tacitly refused, both last year and again on Tuesday evening, to discuss Mr. Hubbard's propositions; and has on each occasion rejected, by a very large majority, his appeal against the decision of his own committee. They evidently regard his motion as one of the "annuals" under which they must suffer, but under which they are determined to suffer for as short a time as possible.

Under these circumstances, though we can hardly affect to consider Mr. Hubbard's motion one of very great importance, it is worth while to expose the fallacies on which it is founded, and the injustice which it would leave unredressed. We do not pretend to deny that the present mode of levying the Income-tax is fraught with much injustice. It is clear that it is not the same thing to have an income of which a man can safely spend every farthing because he is secure of it for life and can bequeath it after his death; and to have a precarious income of the same amount, out of which the possessor is bound to make a provision "for a rainy day," for his old

age, or for those who come after him. The latter income is effectively smaller than the other by the amount of savings necessarily made by a prudent man. Almost every plan hitherto propounded for equalizing the tax has gone upon the principle of estimating the number of years' purchase which a person might be said to have in his income, and levying the per-centage accordingly. But Mr. Hubbard discards this principle altogether. He takes no notice of the varying interests in the same kind of property; he would impose the same rate upon the holder of a life-estate in real property as upon the owner of the fee-simple. A Government life-annuitant of £100 would pay as much as if the same income were derived from an amount of stock of which he was the absolute holder. All Mr. Hubbard proposes is a variable scale according to the source from which each income is derived. At first sight nothing can be more captivating than his plan, unless you happen to be a fundholder. For while he leaves the whole weight of the tax upon the latter—whether he be poor or rich, whether his interest be absolute or limited—he promises to everybody else deductions and alleviations. Income from land is to be allowed a deduction of one-twelfth for the necessary outgoings, before it is brought to charge; income from houses a similar deduction of one-sixth; on that arising out of mines a still larger allowance is to be made; and—not to go at length through the whole scheme—the income from trades, professions, salaries, &c., is only to be assessed on two-thirds of the gross amount. It is obvious that all these deductions and allowances must create an enormous deficit, or what is taken off one man must be imposed upon somebody else. The latter will, we need hardly say, be the real operation; nor is it difficult to see who will be the scapegoats. The fundholders, who get no deduction, and the owners of landed property, who get the smaller deduction, must of course supply the void created by the larger allowance to trades and professions. We will say nothing as to the justice or policy of taxing the fundholder more highly than any one else, although Sir R. Peel deemed that such a course would be a breach of faith to the public creditor. But as between the rates upon incomes derived from real property and upon those possessed by traders and professional men, is there really a case for the readjustment proposed? Nominally the rates upon these are now the same, but practically there is a wide discrepancy between them. In 1853, Mr. Gladstone estimated that in consequence of the different modes of assessment, while Schedule D paid 7d. in the pound, "income derived from land and houses was taxed at 9d." There is, of course, at the present time, a difference proportionately greater, as the rate is higher. It must further be recollected, that there is no evasion under Schedule A; while fraudulent returns materially lighten the burthen of those who return under Schedule D. Upon the whole this is no inadequate compensation for any difference between the permanence of the incomes in these two classes; and we confess to sharing the opinion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that it would be highly unjust to increase the discrepancy to an extent which, under Mr. Hubbard's plan, would result in charging the owners of land and houses some 70 per cent. more than the wealthy, mercantile, and manufacturing classes. Again, objections may be fairly raised to making a large deduction from the receipts arising from mines, quarries, &c., while those from railways and canals are taken at the full amount. Nor can one altogether see why shareholders in a joint-stock bank should pay upon their gross receipts, on the ground that as they contribute none of the labour and skill by which a dividend is obtained, it is not in their hands "an industrial income;" although the sleeping partner in a private bank is allowed the full deduction of one-third, which is generally applicable to Schedule D. And lastly, a scheme which proposes to redress the inequalities of the present system falls very far short of its aim when it assesses in the same manner the owner of a good business—a bank or a brewery for instance—which he will transmit to his children, and the lawyer or medical man whose income is dependent not only on his life but on his health. It is, indeed, said, that we should not be deterred from attempting to diminish the existing inequalities of the income-tax because we cannot altogether remove them. But this argument, although specious, is unsound when used in support of such a plan as Mr. Hubbard's. If we could see our way to a measure which would substantially remove the discontent created by this part of our fiscal system, it would be worth while to adopt it, in spite of some theoretical

shortcomings. It appears to us, however, very undesirable to take a step which would replace anomalies to which we have grown accustomed, and adapted ourselves, by others whose hardship would be aggravated by novelty. Nor would it be wise to run the risk of stirring up an agitation on points which appeal far more strongly to the popular mind than any of those with which it is now proposed to deal. To those who have not considered the subject carefully, nothing is more attractive than a graduated Income-tax; no difference between permanent and fixed incomes seems to rest on a clearer basis of justice than a provision which should charge a heavier percentage upon a wealthy landowner or banker with his £100,000 a year, than is levied upon a small farmer, or a poor widow bringing up a large family upon a limited income derived from the funds. But if once we impose different rates on different kinds of incomes, it will be difficult to resist a claim for the extension of similar consideration to interests of varying permanence or duration. According to the authorities we have already quoted, it is absolutely impossible to meet the multifarious difficulties and demands which start up on every side.

LOAVES AND FISHES.

THE apostolical succession is, no doubt, very good in its way, but there is also a grace not less worthy of cultivation called honesty. We feel much difficulty in dealing with one who accepts definite episcopal obligations, and stipulates to hold and teach certain lessons on condition of receiving a handsome stipend and a right reverend office; and, after his induction, candidly tells the world that he means to teach very different lessons, but to continue to enjoy the undiminished advantages of his bishopric. This is, to our mind, a strange episcopal phenomenon. For so much pay, and for such a respectable position, Dr. Colenso undertook to say the prayers and teach the tenets of the Church of England. This appointment was no misfortune which he could not avert. Nobody pitchforked him into the episcopal office, or put a mitre on his unwilling head, or thrust a pastoral staff in his reluctant hands. He voluntarily accepted the dignities and duties of a Bishop, and solemnly engaged to wear the former, and fulfil the latter, on receiving a handsome annual income. This is no "unhistorical" or "incredible" statement. It is not a "Pentateuchal myth." It is a sober matter of fact. We admit it is a very low view of the transaction, but it is just that view which nine out of every ten men in this prosaic country of ours are taking and discussing, very much to the discredit of the Bishop of Natal, and very little to the advantage of missions among the heathen.

Now let us see what Dr. Colenso undertook to do for his stipend, and then ascertain from his own words what and how much he refuses to do. At his ordination and consecration he declared his "unfeigned assent and consent to all things contained in the Book of Common Prayer;" and he engaged to conform to it in all the acts of public worship. On this solemn promise, he received institution, and became Bishop of Natal. He now declares that the Liturgy contains quotations from Exodus and Genesis of incidents, accepted therein as inspired truths, which he has proved to his own satisfaction to be recent apocryphal additions. The Noachian flood, and the passage of the Red Sea, the Passover in Egypt, the Exodus of Israel, the death of the first-born, and other Mosaic records, incorporated in the Liturgy as historic truths, and used as illustrations of Christian rites and usages and sacraments, he can neither accept, nor read, nor believe. They are, in his judgment, transparent fictions, and he has the manliness to tell the world what he thinks. He declares that he will neither teach nor pray, nor in any way endorse such "unhistoric fables." This is not all. As a Bishop, he is bound by his office to exact from every candidate for ordination his "unfeigned belief in the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments." It may be very commonplace, on our part, to ask how he can require others to believe what he disbelieves himself. It seems to us that he has made it impossible for himself to continue any longer a Bishop. He admits that he can no longer fulfil his part of the contract. But does not this imply that the public can no longer fulfil its vulgar part of giving him money for doing the work of a Christian Bishop?

Why give a servant wages for not doing his work? Surely it is not an unepiscopal, as it is not an unchristian

maxim, that "if any man will not work, neither should he eat." We refuse to discuss the question on any high ecclesiastical, patristic, or transcendental ground, for we hold common honesty and moral integrity to be grounds enough. We treat this question as we know such a question would be discussed on the Exchange, in the corn-market, and in the shops and counting-houses of London; and we may depend upon it that the frequenters of those places, however bad theologians, are marvellously acute in their appreciation of bargains, and compacts, and covenants. It will there assuredly be felt that a morality is defended and practised by this Bishop which they would not endure a single day among themselves, and they will marvel to see upheld in a religious office what in a clerk, a servant, or an apprentice, would be punished by summary dismissal.

The Bishop of Natal not only repudiates the obligations of his office, but he deliberately advises clergymen, his subordinates, to break the law he is appointed to maintain. He tells them to "break the law and take the consequences;" while, with strange inconsistency, he breaks the law himself and refuses to "take the consequences." Were any other high officials to imitate the Bishop, and not only denounce the laws they were appointed to uphold, but instruct their subordinates to follow their example, we should get into inextricable confusion, or we should have to adopt very stringent measures. Were the colonel of a regiment to publish to the world that he repudiates half of the articles of war, and to tell his regiment that they need not observe them, would not a court-martial very soon cashier him? Were a judge to proclaim from the seat of justice that he will not pronounce certain sentences on convicted criminals, because he objected to certain laws and dissented from the penalties attached to them, would he be allowed to remain on the Bench? Shall, then, official integrity, a fugitive from the Church, be respected only in the army and in courts of law? Would it be for one moment deemed by any sane man, that the removal of colonel and judge, when convicted of such inconsistencies, would be a persecution? Is it persecution to insist upon men doing the duties which they have voluntarily undertaken to discharge, in return for certain guaranteed remuneration? Is it intolerance to insist on the Bishop of Natal either fulfilling his part of the contract, so long as the nation fulfils its part, or else resigning an office which he refuses to execute? If it were but a difference of opinion on some minor question, or some rubrical observance, or some infinitesimal shade of theology, charity and good sense might refuse to awaken a sleeping controversy, or to inflict pains and penalties for a merely speculative opinion. But toleration is abused when it is summoned to connive at a dereliction of specific duty with the retention of official emoluments attached to its performance. Let Dr. Colenso retire from his office, and renounce a service which he can no longer believe in; and though his opinions are refuted, he will then personally still receive that respect which in this country is never withheld from the man who, in deference to conscience, suffers or makes a sacrifice of his private interest. We may reverence the earnest man who courts martyrdom rather than give up his conscientious convictions; but Dr. Colenso is as yet no sufferer for conscience sake; he is certainly no martyr; and all the sophistry of his friends and apologists cannot hide the inconsistency of one who is not ashamed to draw a stipend for duties which he proclaims himself disqualified to fulfil.

In thus dwelling upon the specific obligations, and professions of belief, which the Church of England imposes on her ministers, we by no means contend that they should be forbidden to discuss such questions of detail as are raised from time to time by the advance of modern science, by a profounder critical investigation, and by a more extended acquaintance with those countries where the historic incidents recorded in Scripture took place. The temperate and careful prosecution of those inquiries is a duty which they owe to the truth. But when a chief officer of the Church imagines that he has discovered the falsity of an article to which, as the condition of his appointment, he subscribed in token of belief, he ought surely, failing to obtain from the Church an admission of his own views, to resign his post in her service.

LONDON MUNICIPAL REFORM.

IT is to be hoped that the discussion, which is now pending, upon the subject of the London police, will lead to a fresh consideration of the relationship which should subsist,

in respect of other and more important matters, between the City and the rest of the metropolis. It is absurd enough that a small space, little more than a square mile, in the heart of the vast metropolitan district, should have its own police and its separate police authority. Such an absurdity could only be tolerated in consideration of thoroughly good management. But recent events have forcibly reminded us that, of the whole metropolis, only the same limited area—containing scarcely a twentieth part of the metropolitan population—enjoys the advantages and the decencies of municipal Government; and this brings up a larger question, the tardiness in dealing with which speaks ill for the courage and resource of our statesmanship. Besides the City, the metropolitan district contains seven Parliamentary boroughs, each of which, with one exception, has a much larger population than the City. Not one of these is a municipal borough; and their local affairs are at present inconveniently and inefficiently administered by parochial authorities, by boards established under special acts, or by the Home Office. Why are these districts without the system of administration usually enjoyed by town populations? Notwithstanding the reports of two Commissions, concurring, at least, in the recommendation of municipal government for the metropolis, no Ministry has yet ventured to raise this question. Indeed, the more limited object of modernizing the municipal institutions of the City has been pursued by successive Home Secretaries with a caution which seemed to court defeat; their half-hearted attempts, being met, as was to be expected, with earnest opposition, have, in every case, been timidly abandoned.

When the Municipal Corporation Reform Act was passed, the Commissioners upon whose report it was founded had not inquired into the state of the London Corporation, and the report upon the City was not presented until 1837. In this report the Commissioners proposed to apply to the City the rule as to boundaries which had been acted upon in regard to ordinary boroughs,—to enlarge, *i. e.*, the boundary of the old municipality so as to include the whole of the modern town. As the area of the metropolitan district (the Registrar-General's district) comprises 78,029 acres, and that of the City only 723 acres, while the population of the metropolis was, even in 1837, about eighteen times that of the City, it was not to be expected that this proposal should be generally acquiesced in. It was, in point of fact, most unfavourably regarded by some cautious politicians, who—whatever they thought of it as a measure of organization for municipal purposes—dreaded the political effects of organizing a parliament of the metropolis. No doubt the necessity for deciding upon this proposal was one of the reasons why, for so many years after the report, the Corporation was left undisturbed. The Commissioners had spoken very confidently. They could see no reason for the City being more favoured than the rest of the metropolis; and they could see no alternative but the extension of the municipality to the limits of the whole metropolis. They could scarcely anticipate, they said, that it should ever be seriously proposed that new municipalities should be created outside the City; for the common interests of all parts of the metropolis would not permit it, and that plan "would, in getting rid of an anomaly, tend to multiply and perpetuate an evil." Thus they wrote in 1837. When, however, nearly twenty years afterwards, a Liberal Government thought seriously of reforming the City, and appointed a Commission by way of preliminary, the new Commissioners adopted the very scheme which their predecessors had thus stigmatised. The Commissioners of 1854 were men of mark,—Mr. Labouchere (Lord Taunton), Sir John Patteson, and Sir Cornwall Lewis; and these Commissioners certainly gave weighty reasons for their opinion. They held that the vast area of the metropolis and its immense population—especially in comparison, area and population, with the City—made it so far exceptional that the rule applicable to ordinary boroughs, applied to it, would simply defeat the purpose of municipal institutions. London, they said, is so large, that people usually know only their own quarter of it, and the persons living at opposite sides of it have few or no interests in common. The two main conditions of municipal government—minute local knowledge and community of interests—must thus be wanting; moreover, with so large a population and the vast interests connected with it, the work of administration must be extremely difficult. To extend the municipality would, they concluded, be a doubtful service to the districts

now without it, and a certain injury to the interests now protected by it. They were at the same time strongly of opinion that a metropolis needs municipal institutions—needs them more than country towns—especially in districts which are rapidly extending; and with these views, the only scheme open to them was that of which the former Commissioners had thought so badly. So their proposal was that, the City retaining its present boundary, the rest of the metropolis should be divided into a system of municipal boroughs; their common interests being looked after by a Board of Works formed by representatives of the town councils.

We have now got a Board of Works, and we have had some good service from it; but, with two different proposals for the municipal government of the metropolis before them, successive Home Secretaries, even while attempting the reform of the City, have let this larger question alone. Why is this? Partly, no doubt, because some Home Secretaries have a genius for letting things alone, and Sir George Grey will hardly give us a Police Bill; but also because even the less ambitious of these proposals would involve much labour, would irritate many interests, and would therefore encounter much opposition, or, at any rate, cause much vexation and anxiety to the Minister who should bring it forward. There would be deputations without end to encounter, and interminable consultations with angry vestrymen, who would generally have more or less of right on their side. Moreover, the Corporation of the City could not be expected to desire any change. Make the City co-extensive with the metropolitan district, as proposed in the report of 1837, and we should have a Lord Mayor who would be all that foreigners are said to fancy the Lord Mayor to be—the head of a body representing vast interests, managing vast revenues, and wielding a great influence in the country. But erect the neighbouring districts into municipal boroughs, surround the City with mayors and corporations representing—as probably they mostly would—populations greater than that of the City, and it is impossible that the City and its officials should not sink considerably in importance. They could no longer so well affect to represent the capital of England, as they unquestionably do, in some public relations, at present. The Commissioners of 1854 expressed a hope “that the Corporation will continue, under an amended system, to possess abundant means, not only for purposes of public usefulness, but also for the exercise of a decent hospitality and splendour.” From those who had not only proposed to cut down its revenue, but had struck, to the best of their ability, at its public position, this sounded much like irony. But if the City Corporation ceased to exist apart, it would certainly be an advantage for the whole metropolis to have a corporate representation, with increased efficiency of local management, a tighter control upon local expenditure, and improved experience of local self-government, of which, at present, Londoners have by no means too much. For this reason, we would not be understood as pronouncing against the idea of a great metropolitan municipality put forward in the report of 1837; but we think that the adoption of even the alternative proposal would be attended with great public advantage. Obviously, not the City only, but the whole metropolis, would suffer from the want of an organization suitable for representing it in public relations. And, after all, receptions and festivals fill no small part of our civic life. For such purposes a Lord Mayor of the metropolis would be incomparable, and that position would probably be sought by men who would fill it with dignity, honouring it as well as taking honour from it.

The few crotchety people who are invoking against the impending Police Bill the name of local self-government, will find a fitter and ampler sphere for their favourite theory in its application to the metropolis. It is idle to talk of it in connection with an organization which has been condemned by every authority. It is well known that Sir Robert Peel would have included the City within the Police Bill of 1829, had circumstances been favourable to such a course; and the police of the City at that time, and for ten years afterwards, was in a condition which no admirer of order and the safety of the streets could regard without alarm and astonishment. It was local self-government run mad; for each ward of the City had its separate force of night-policemen, which was practically much the same thing as having no night police at all. The Bill of 1839, by which the City police was put upon its present footing, was passed in the face of a strong report from a Royal

Commission; and the Commissioners of 1854 found that fifteen years' experience fully confirmed the views of their predecessors. Even Mr. Whittle Harvey, the late head of the City police, was constrained to admit that there would be, on the whole, advantages from combining the City with the Metropolitan police force; and the nature of the doubts which he professed about the measure show, better than anything, how little the City can have to say for itself. He feared nothing but that the Commissioners of the Metropolitan force would not send men enough into the City, and that they would not establish a central office in the City; but Home Secretaries and Chief Commissioners know they are answerable to public opinion, and dare not, even if they would, do their business inefficiently. It is not on account of such cobwebs that we should postpone a measure which the public welfare imperatively requires. On the other hand, the control of the police being in the hands of the Government, is a reason, in addition to the other reasons which have been suggested, for providing local organization through which the Government may be told authoritatively what the interests of the public demand.

THE COTTON DISTRICTS AND EMIGRATION.

THE painful events in the north have impelled attention anew to the future which lies before the cotton operatives, and almost simultaneously with the intelligence of the riots at Staleybridge and Ashton, there has appeared in the *Times* a letter from Mr. Edmund Potter, in which he discusses and condemns any proposal of assisted emigration as a scheme of relief. Mr. Potter's letter is important, if only as an indication of the jealousy with which the cotton manufacturers, and those closely connected with them, view any suggestion of removing a portion of the factory workers. The extent of the proposals which had been made scarcely seems to warrant his elaborate argument, nor has there as yet been any suggestion of that which he more emphatically condemns—a system of emigration aided by an imperial grant. A few of the factory workmen themselves were desirous of exchanging their present condition for the chances of a colony, and they had applied to the Mansion House Committee for a grant from the funds at their disposal. Some members of the committee doubted whether the scheme was judicious, or whether they had power to apply to such a purpose the money entrusted to them by subscribers: the *Times*, in the exercise of its discretion, recommended them to accede to the proposal, and argued that every subscriber would support them in doing so. This discussion on the appropriation of funds raised by private benevolence, an appropriation which Mr. Potter admits he has no right to condemn, filled him with alarm, lest it should be followed by parliamentary grants for a similar purpose.

It is a matter of regret that the real questions at issue have been so much obscured by the introduction of irrelevant matter. Some writers have declaimed about the reckless extension of the cotton trade, and the criminal indifference of manufacturers to the insecurity of the source of supply. Both charges are founded on a mistake, and are capable of easy refutation. Mr. Potter disposes of the first, and if he is less successful in meeting the second, it is of little consequence, as neither has, in fact, any bearing on the present problem. What that problem is may be very simply stated. An English province has been occupied for a good many years in importing from other countries a supply of raw cotton at prices varying from 4d. to 6d. a lb., and, after manufacturing this raw material, has exported about five-eighths of the produce. A large quantity of machinery and an army of workmen have been collected in the province and devoted to this industry. Suddenly the supply of two-thirds, or, more correctly, of four-fifths, of the raw material is stopped. Its price rises rapidly and enormously. The machinery becomes disused, and from four to five hundred thousand workers are deprived of their usual work and wages. Within a year two millions and a half of money have been raised towards the support of the labourers reduced to this forced idleness, of which about a million and three-quarters have been contributed by men of good will in all quarters of the globe. The year is about to expire, and the question is, what plans had better be adopted for the time before us? It is conceded that for some time to come the loss of wages will be little abated, and it cannot be hoped that spontaneous benevolence will furnish equal aid through a second year. A compulsory tax is unavoidable; how shall it be raised, and how shall it be expended? Anyone who will review the conditions of the problem, will see at once that it is impossible to answer it in any fashion without first determining

what hope there is of obtaining a greater supply of raw material. Could the missing cotton be restored to us three months hence, a very different line of conduct might be adopted from that which would be necessary if we knew we should be kept without it for three years. Putting aside for the time the consideration of the old source of supply, what can we expect from other quarters? The past year has shown us that cotton can be obtained at fancy prices from every quarter of the globe, but a moderate price is an essential condition of advantageous supply. But even at the enhanced prices which have obtained during the past twelve months, the increased importation of cotton from other quarters than the United States has been limited, and that increase has been obtained—not by a larger production of cotton, but by diverting to the English market raw material usually consumed elsewhere. The cotton imported from the East Indies in 1862 was double that imported in 1860, but the increase in the exports from India has been much less, and the increase in the quantity raised in India still smaller. The Liverpool market has drained India of raw cotton which had hitherto been consumed within it, or exported still farther east. If the American contest be prolonged, we cannot hope for a supply during the next twelve months of more than half the normal importation. But at what prices can this half be obtained? This is the most important part of the calculation, but, unluckily, it is that on which we are most in the dark. The *Times* has of late very properly insisted that attention must be devoted to this element of the horoscope; for, as was often said in our paper, during the past summer, a condition of the preservation of the manufacturing population of Lancashire and Cheshire is a supply of twelve hundred million pounds of cotton at a price not exceeding sixpence a pound. We are, unfortunately, here reduced to conjecture. The supply of cotton had, up to the American crisis, been comparatively steady; and there are other reasons why it is impossible to deduce from experience any connection between a failure of supply and the corresponding increase of price. Raw cotton is capable of preservation for an indefinite time, and the consumers can for a considerable period abstain from a demand of the manufactured article. It follows that the enhanced prices which have followed on a bad crop in the States furnish little help in discovering the price which must result from a continuous diminution of supply to the extent of one-half. We may, however, take it as nearly certain that, though the present price of cotton can scarcely be maintained, yet it will fetch such a price that the total cost of the imported material will suffer no diminution. If the supply is diminished one-half, we may confidently expect the price will be doubled. We have left out of consideration the prospect of peace in America. The truth is, there is no immediate prospect of such an event. Although we on this side of the Atlantic become daily more assured of the impossibility of the attainment of the object for which the North is fighting, and recognize no object of the contest beyond the determination of a boundary, yet we have been of late disabused of the notion of returning peace, which a month or two since seemed possible. Democrats and Republicans are as one on the question of the prosecution of the war. The zeal with which the British nation supported Mr. Pitt in his war with France is weak compared with the resolution of the Federals to restore the Union. Mr. Fox and his friends always furnished a minority small in numbers, but eminent in position, who counselled peace. Only one man in the North has ventured to adopt such advice. There is plenty of criticism on the way in which the war has been conducted; but opposition to the war itself there is none. We should be deluding ourselves with vain hopes if we calculated on a pacified America as a spectacle soon to be seen; were it otherwise, the prospect would furnish us with little consolation. The South restored to the Union must exist in a state of armed occupation, and the cultivation of cotton would be attended with infinite difficulty. The South, severed and independent, would be without money, without capital, crippled with debt, either repudiating its paper-money, or slowly struggling to redeem it; with jealous neighbours, and above all, with an underground railway so near that its labour power must be closely watched to prevent its escaping. Whether it sought to restore its finances by an export-duty on cotton, or by internal imports, it is clear that the staple industry would have to bear the brunt of the burden, and that the produce which reaches us would be a diminished quantity, and at an enhanced price. Add to this, that as this source of supply was opened, others would close. The increase from other quarters, stimulated by the abnormal prices of the past year, would subside when that stimulus was withdrawn; and, on the whole, we may safely conclude that a very long period must elapse during which the cotton imported at Liverpool must be much reduced in quantity and enhanced in price. What is the

prospect then awaiting the manufacturers and spinners of the north? Discard for a moment the consideration that the quantity of raw cotton is diminished. Were it otherwise, we know that an increase of price in the raw material is never accompanied by a corresponding increase of price. The spinners and consumers must divide amongst them the loss involved in an increased price. But here the quantity is also lessened, and we have a reduced supply of raw material exposed to the competition of an excessive supply of mill-owners and workmen. Each party will confess that half a loaf is better than no bread. The mill-owner would rather work without profit, than suffer his machinery to rust through disuse; the factory hand will submit to reduced wages rather than "clem" in idleness. Both classes must suffer and dwindle, and the weakest must go to the wall. This is not all; every feeling of humanity will interfere to prevent the workmen from dying of starvation; those who can get no work will have to be fed; those who get a little at the price to which competition must reduce it, will have to be aided. It is too possible that the redundant manufacturing population may pass through such a declension as agricultural labourers passed through under the operation of the great war. Mr. Pitt's Poor-Law Act was brought in at such a crisis as the present. The system of scales and allowances which it introduced so corrupted the labourers that it required the New Poor Law to get us out of the sty. But what prospect of relief does the scheme of emigration give us? It must be very limited in operation, it must be very expensive in actual money spent, it must involve the further expense of an abandonment of the labourer's main capital, his acquired skill. Nevertheless, it may be desirable to adopt it. At the outset, it must be understood that this is entirely a labourer's question. It may be and must be painful to a manufacturer to see his best hands passing off; although, considering the small extent to which emigration can be carried, and the rapidity with which the labour-market can be supplied with fresh materials, we do not think the manufacturer has much to fear. But it is a labourer's question,—that is to say, it is not a question to be decided by the golden dreams of colonial plenty, which the half-fed and idle mechanic may, like the sick landsman at sea, see swimming before his eyes,—but it is a question to be decided with strict reference to the condition of the labourer's position. The workman has to put before himself the abandonment of his skill as an operator, the expense of emigration, his want of skill, and possibly his defect of power in manual labour; and against this the prospect of half work and half wages at home. As he takes the expense of emigration into account, so he must take the expense of supplementary assistance at home. On the whole, it would probably appear that a workman severely scanning his own position would find it better, so far as he himself is concerned, to remain at home. But there is another consideration: it is impossible to keep the operative class *in statu* until they are gradually reduced to the population necessary for carrying on the home industry; the class will maintain itself in numbers, even if it does not increase. The spinner who considers the fate of his children after him will probably think that, though he will have to relinquish much, and to endure hardship as a colonist, he will have redeemed his offspring from greater evils.

No considerable emigration can occur without government aid; but, on the other hand, as Mr. Potter argues, the sustentation of the workmen at home during the next winter must require government aid. Nor is the operative without a claim to this assistance. It cannot be denied that he is a victim to the preservation of the law of commercial blockades, and is so sacrificed for the good, real or supposed, of the whole community. But we cannot enter on this subject at the end of a long article.

THE GARCIA GAMBLING SCANDAL.

To the foolish eyes of the young and the inexperienced, all over the world, Paris seems always an Elysium where happy spirits may wander as they please, draining to the dregs the cup of pleasure and extravagance and gaiety. The absence of all restraint, the endless possibilities of adventure, and the atmosphere of thoughtlessness and wildness which seems to pervade the very streets of the great city, make Parisian life for the young Frenchman of the provinces an imaginary and ideal existence, where all, even crime, is merry and joyous. The sombre temperament of Englishmen itself is affected by the air of the Paris Boulevards; Americans, who, even more than ourselves, live in a rush of business and excitement, are still fonder of the place. Paris, says the proverb, is where all good Americans hope to be taken when they die. Hither comes *la jeunesse dorée* from every quarter of the globe to banish reflection and to taste of the life which has been painted so brightly beforehand in the wild romances of all European

literature. Nor do they find that Circe's wine is less luscious than they have been told. In the quiet estimation of experience and wisdom it would seem as if the sentiment and the idealism which writers of the "Camelia" school cast around their descriptions of the follies of youth were almost too transparent and fictitious to deceive anyone. It is not so altogether. Life at Paris probably is very much what it is represented. While it lasts we may be sure that it does in reality contain that admixture of romance and gaiety which in France is often found in the strong wine of epicureanism and vice. It is not true to suppose that there is no tangible enjoyment to be found there. Folly contrives to enjoy itself very well. A smiling face may often hide a cankered heart, but the truth is that many of the hearts in Circe's temple are not cankered or corroded by anxiety and care. The rod of the enchantress does not change her votaries into unhappy and discontented men—it makes of them happy beasts. The wisest of philosophers addresses his warning voice to the wise, and not to the foolish. He does not tell us that pleasure is not pleasure, but that all pleasure is vanity.

When the curtain is publicly lifted from some scene of Parisian frivolity and dissipation, as it has been lifted more than once of late, we find behind it the spectacles that we have been taught to expect, much as they have been described by the novelists and the poets, neither more degraded nor more refined than they are painted. Aspasia is as beautiful as her portraits: her *salons* are as fashionable, her reunions as popular and glittering. The nobles of the land are at her feet; historic names are upon the cards in her ante-chamber; the *ancienne noblesse* of France, driven from the Senate and the Legislative Assemblies by an Imperial parvenu, seem to have emigrated into her boudoirs. Wit and mirth and fashion may possibly be found collected under her roof; for Attic salt is not wanting at the festivals of Corinth. Many an Alcibiades, who has never had the ambition to be a statesman; many a poet, who has never taken the trouble to sing; and here and there an embryo philosopher, who has never chosen to reflect, mingle, and make merry in the crowd. The dice rattle and the wine flows. The prodigal sons are liberal and the queens of this society are kind. To the minds of *la jeunesse dorée*, these seem to be the suppers of the gods—*noctes cœnæque Deorum*. A duel in the morning or a fortune ruined over night does not detract from the charm, while it adds to the excitement of the scene. M. de Miranda is there, from the household of the Queen of Spain, and the Duke de Gramont Caderousse, his sword still stained with the blood of a plebeian victim. The nobles, the De Brimonts, and the De Poies, have come to share in the amusements of the evening. Never has the demi-monde been more brilliant, or its triumph more marked. It is the occasion which Lais has chosen for her entry into her new hôtel, and the slaves who walk by her chariot-wheels come from the best families of France, from the noblest patrons of the *Cercle Imperial*, and the most elegant leaders of the Jockey Club. It is no shame, as the poet says, for Greeks and Trojans to undergo anything in the cause of such a queen. The sounds of revelry which lasted through half the night might have been prolonged into the frosty morning, had it not been that a wasp was found lurking in the honied bowers. In the midst of the merriment a tumult suddenly arose that some Clodius had been discovered coggling the dice. The aristocratic assemblage was engaged at baccarat tournant, and M. Garcia, the lion of Homburg and of Spa, was amassing a large fortune over his cards. M. Calzado, director of the Italian Theatre, was by his side, sharing his gains. Suspicion fell upon the honest pair. The cards were seized and found to have been marked. The plunder was discovered on the persons of the two notorious winners, who in vain attempted to deny their fraudulent partnership, to disavow their guilt, and to conceal the evidence of it. Fear of a scandal prompted some of the losers to desire that the matter should be hushed up. But things had gone too far. The arm of the law interposed, the scene suddenly shifted, and the actors in the spectacle found themselves in the presence of a Power in the background, which was no less than the Tribunal of the Correctional Police of Paris. A month later and the same fashionable group reunited; but this time it was in the court of justice, to listen to the trial of Calzado and of Garcia. The seats set apart for the public were thronged chiefly by the heroes of the fashionable world and the heroines of the demi-monde who had been collected at the now notorious supper-party. The experiences of the night were detailed in turn by Aspasia and her noble friends. M. de Miranda related his losses, and some few anecdotes of the earlier life and history of one of the confederate swindlers, one of whom had wisely disappeared without waiting to be put upon his trial. The result was that Calzado

was condemned to thirteen months, Garcia to five years imprisonment, and both to joint penalties amounting in the whole to some two thousand pounds.

We may reasonably believe that the cloud which descended on the supper-party will not be of any lengthened continuance. The morality of the Jockey Club and of the *Cercle* has nothing hypochondriac about it. Beyond the inconvenience of a temporary scandal, the reunions of the Avenue des Champs Elysées will suffer nothing. The *Cercle* will be as gay, or gayer even than before, now that the troublesome knights of industry have fallen victims to the outraged justice of the country. Daylight, cold and unpicturesque, has indeed been let in to flood the spectacle. But daylight does not make the scene seem hollow, and unreal, and feverish, as it might if the scene were a picture of Hogarth's, instead of being an everyday scene of Paris life. There is nothing unreal about vice in the salons of the Parisian coteries. The cheeks which are bright and rosy overnight do not turn to paint and pallor in the morning. Black care does not sit upon the crupper of the horsemen and horsewomen who flutter gaily in the fresh spring sunshine up the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne. The demi-monde has nothing to be ashamed of, for the demi-monde has become the recognized centre of Paris life. Aspasia hardly blushes when she sees her name printed in the account of yesterday's proceedings. The dukes, and the marquises, and the viscounts start as pleasantly as ever on their daily round of pleasure and amusement. Lent will soon be over, and the occupations of the early summer will begin, with its breakfasts, and its promenades, and its questionable routs. *Fais ce que fait tout le monde, advienne que pourra.* The officers of justice have been called in to regulate, not to break up, the riot of the feast. They are gone, and the rogues are gone, and the harlots and the dupes may resume their banqueting and gambling. No philosophic gloom will fall upon a single soul; no celestial prodigies will occur to trouble those glorious suppers of the suitors; no pale Ulysses will be there, with his travel-worn air and his pre-occupied eye, to fling a chill on the festive merrymakers. The world has been admitted to watch them; and the world has again gone on its way, without troubling itself to censure and reprove. Curious but not censorious eyes looked in, and have moved on again. There is no cause for self-reproach or for regret. The sentiment of shame or modesty does not often come to harass or to annoy the Avenue of the Champs Elysées.

The cynics of the Continent reply—and reply with truth—that English society below its surface contains the same elements of vice which present themselves so conspicuously on the very forehead of the society of Paris. London has its temptations, its orgies, and its crimes; and one need not dig so deep to find them. We are reminded that folly is becoming even amongst ourselves more ostentatious and less reserved; and vice often now-a-days forgets to pay to virtue even the homage of hypocrisy. As England becomes more cosmopolitan in its manners and its ideas, it loses something of that old-fashioned austerity which kept Englishmen, not indeed from vice, but from a public recognition of vice. The public prints discuss not without indelicacy and freedom the latest fashions and habits of that class which is the canker of all honest society. Certain names and certain personages have become a byword amongst us; and the acknowledged and ostentatious patrons of the demi-monde are promoted to high places in the Government of the State. This is a free country, and it would be dangerous in the highest degree to pry into the private life or morals of individuals, provided that they keep within the limits which the law has assigned to them. How men live—so long as they live according to law—is a matter for themselves and for their consciences. But there is an openness of immorality which is unblushing and profligate; and upon such public immodesty public opinion has a right to set its brand. The late revelations of Paris life which have been given to us are startling, not because English habits are more virtuous, but because vice and folly abroad seem to be unaware how gross such revelations appear. It is a serious offence in the rulers of this country to entrust places of honour and power to men who have hitherto distinguished themselves only by their folly and their profligacy. A debauchee may administer a public office wisely and well, but the debauchee who has been notoriously and avowedly a mere pursuer of pleasure, disqualifies himself, for a time at least, for political promotion. It is not because he is immoral, but because his immorality is conspicuous and open. At the root of it may be nothing worse than the carelessness and thoughtlessness of youth. But a period of purgation ought to intervene between years of levity and political distinction: otherwise honourable names would be tarnished by being connected with names fit only to be forgotten. The public cannot directly punish private improprieties. But certain penalties ought to be inflicted

when the offender has a station of notoriety, and one of these should be temporary forfeiture of public confidence. The most notorious are not, it is true, invariably the most vicious; but where public morality is at stake, it is not so much vice as the appearance of vice that is discreditable. For the sake of themselves and their countrymen it is to be hoped that those who are in authority will not forget this. The recent scene at Paris has a moral for this country. There are *Aspasia*s here as well as there, who can boast of acquaintances as noble and as fashionable. France does not seem to feel that there is an incongruity in the avowed juxtaposition of noble names with the names of the *demi-monde*. Let us hope that the time is far distant when Englishmen will cease to think differently.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND BAD TASTE.

EVERY new art, unfortunately, is sure to bring out a vast amount of bad taste on the part of its ignorant patrons. In these days everything is cheap—at least, most things are capable, so to speak, of being issued in cheap editions; and this tendency is not to be regretted. It is, indeed, one of the best results of civilization that the doors both of knowledge and pleasure are widely thrown open to the masses. The invention of printing first cheapened books; the development of science has cheapened the comforts and even the luxuries of life, so that a humble workman may now live in a manner far superior, in many respects, to the domesticities of a prince three hundred years ago. Art manufactures are making even our cottagers familiar with forms of beauty that will soon displace the monstrosities of former days; and schools of art are preparing the way for a still further extension of the principles of good taste. But it must be owned that the sudden development, in one particular direction, of a taste which as yet is but half informed, has led to much offensive vulgarity, and threatens, if it be not checked, to lower the standard of truthfulness in the popular mind. A large supply of anything, when combined with cheapness, as it is pretty sure to be, generally brings a large demand; and the demand, thus instantaneously and artificially stimulated, is certain to be attended by a considerable amount of ignorance and pretence. People require time to be educated up to the point of knowledge and refined perception. Those who supply them are often equally in want of correct ideas, and at any rate have an interest in producing that which the thousands can most readily appreciate; and thus the new art is for a time degraded. It was so with the invention of printing. For the first century or two after the great discovery of Faust, learned men were led to debate whether or not the printing-press had really proved a benefit to mankind; those who held the negative proposition basing their argument on the assertion that the labours of the compositor and pressman had given greater facilities than before existed for worthless scribblers to inflict their nonsense on the reading public. This evil, however, was one of those which always correct themselves in due time; and so it is with other mistakes of the same character. But in the meanwhile it is as well to see how we stand in regard to the æsthetic and intellectual uses of the most recent inventions.

Photography is an art peculiarly liable to be perverted to base uses. It is cheap (that is to say, when badly executed), and therefore appeals to a large class of uninstructed people; it is singularly well adapted to minister to personal vanity, and to keep pace with the incidents of the day; and it is capable of producing, especially when combined with the stereoscope, effects which are more startling than artistic in their nature. All these facts form a perpetual incentive to the photographic manufacturers to lower what might otherwise be esteemed one of the fine arts, to the level of clap-trap, and sometimes to far worse uses. The Society for the Suppression of Vice can tell us something of one of the purposes to which photography is applied, and we know not how many cartloads of immoral slides have been taken away from the sombre dens of Holywell-street and Wych-street. The police make a seizure of this kind every now and then; but there can be no doubt that the trade still flourishes, because a demand exists for these wretched incentives to evil. Then there are the photographs which may be seen even in respectable shop-windows, and which just dally with questionable situations—just faintly suggest ideas of impropriety. Let us hope, however, that both these classes of photographic pictures appeal to a comparatively limited class of buyers. The majority of bad photographs are reprehensible on the ground of taste rather than of morality. Considered in this way, the detestable portraits, executed “in this style” for sixpence or a shilling, are really a nuisance, though the annoyance is one which cannot be abated by any other means than instilling into the mind

of the community better notions of art. Nothing can be more natural or commendable than that John Brown should wish to possess a “*c’rect likeness*” of himself, to be presented to Mrs. Brown, or to Jemima Higgins, his intended bride, or, perhaps, to his mother. But it is surely not a good thing that plain John Brown should be induced by the “artist” to assume the aspect and bearing of a brigand in broadcloth; or of a poet, Byronic and sentimental; or of a statesman, revolving in his anxious brain the fate of empires and of ministries, the consolidation of our power, and the liquidation of our National Debt. Nor is it at all desirable that when Jemima Higgins, in her turn, honours the “artist” with a sitting, she should be forced to take upon herself a Siddonian mien, as though just uttering the words, “Give me the daggers!” We say nothing of the cruelty inflicted on the general public by the wholesale exhibition of these monstrosities (framed and glazed) at the outer doors of the “studio;” or the annoyance of being pursued, for half a dozen yards along the pavement, by a loud-voiced, ruffianly-looking fellow, who bullying invites you to come in and be “done,” and who, but for the fear of the police, would probably fight for the possession of your person, carry you into his den by main force, and “do” you in such way as he might consider best suited to your particular style of physiognomy. These are matters of social arrangement, which, according to our English custom, must be left to settle themselves. But we must, on artistic grounds, protest against cheap photographic likenesses. It may be said that, if they satisfy their purchasers, and enable poor and humble people to gratify a vanity, always harmless, and sometimes associated with affectionate thoughts of others, they do all which they pretend to do, and even answer a good end. This is very true as far as it goes; but if, by educating the perceptions of the lower orders to a better knowledge of what is truthful and reasonable, the more cultivated classes can save them from such nightmare phantasms of bad taste, it would surely be a desirable result. Vulgarity is not a necessary element of cheapness; it is only a necessary result of ignorance. The history of the last five-and-thirty years has shown what excellent literature may be published at a trifling price; and when good art is equally appreciated with good writing, art producers will find themselves obliged to seek for popular custom by a higher style of conception and execution than they at present display in the cheapest class of their works.

But it is not merely in the humblest stratum of society that bad taste in photography finds a ready market. It flourishes abundantly in the middle class. Every street passenger must have noted those portraits of Royal personages with which the shop windows have recently abounded. Probably he has got a round dozen or so of them in his album. He is a loyal man, and wishes to have about him what he considers authentic likenesses of the sovereign, of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and of the other members of the family that reigns over us. Even if he does not care about such matters, his wife and daughters do, and the photographs must be had. Besides, they cost only a shilling each, so that for a guinea or two we might almost provide ourselves with illustrations of the whole “*Almanach de Gotha*.” The photographic artists of Belgium know where their most numerous customers are to be found; and Brussels supplies England with the means of gratifying her curiosity in this respect. Paterfamilias buys a heap of shilling *cartes de visite*, and fancies that he has got the veritable effigies of Royalty. He does not know that a vast number of these supposed portraits from the life are “cooked up” by foreign artists, whose main object is to make everything look pretty and sentimental. The result is often miserably false and bad. Here, for instance, we have lying before us a card which contains portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra, issued several weeks before they were married. His Royal Highness sits in a chair, while the Princess stands over the back of the chair, with her two hands resting on his shoulders. Pretty, is it not?—sentimental, sweet, and lover-like? Very—only not quite probable, or in the best taste. That a young lady may have stood, in that attitude of tender watching, at the chair of her future husband, is likely enough,—but she would never think of being photographed at so confiding a moment. The lover would certainly object to the artist “posing” his intended in any such way, and the lady herself would object to it with still greater vehemence. Can Paterfamilias possibly believe that the Prince and Princess allowed themselves to be shown after this fashion to the general gaze? Yet we believe that this particular *carte* has sold enormously, together with its companion, in which the position of the figures is reversed. Then there is another photograph, representing our widowed Queen, contemplating a portrait of the Prince Consort, with the Royal children grouped, in the manner of a tableau, around her; and there is another, still more theatrical,

depicting the Queen and the young Princesses wreathing a bust of the departed with festoons of flowers. Within the last few days, we have even been introduced in this way to the very death-bed of Prince Albert! The publisher thinks the photograph will be an "attractive, though sad" memorial; and he is probably well assured of his ground.

It is quite lamentable that any one should believe these fancy pictures to be photographs from life, or real scenes; yet we doubt not that they are generally so accepted. People are actually so ignorant as to suppose that her Majesty, who has withdrawn herself from public life ever since her great affliction, would have permitted a photographer, for his trading purposes, thus to invade the very privacy of her grief.

The manufacture of these photographic impostures says little for the honesty of those who produce them; and it also suggests the existence of a great deal of bad taste in the English public, or these articles would not obtain here so large a sale as they do. But for the existence of that bad taste, the untruthfulness of such sketches would at once be detected. They are thought, especially by women, "pretty" and "interesting;" and the gross improbability of their composition goes for nothing. They are not beautiful as works of art; they are not truthful in any sense; but, like Packwood's razors, they are made to sell, and they *do* sell. The Belgian artists know our weakness, and find their own strength in it. A people possessing a widely diffused perception of what is artistic, would not be bamboozled by such false pretences; the power of apprehending the highest forms of art being one with an instinctive sense of verisimilitude. The strange part of the business is that we English, despite our dullness in matters of art, should not perceive, by the mere strength of our honest love of matter of fact, the absurdity that is palmed off on us. But when the matter-of-fact man takes to art in any form, he is generally best pleased with that which is false. The artistic world being an utterly strange world to him, he makes the mistake of supposing that untruthfulness is the law of its existence. He demands "effect" above all things—something that will give him a sensation beyond his ordinary round of ideas; and whatever does this commands his enthusiasm and his patronage.

CONTINENTAL TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

A LIVELY correspondence in the *Times*, between the Secretary of the Submarine Telegraph Company and one of its customers, with respect to the delay of a message from London to Florence in January last, invites us to examine the actual regulations for the despatch of English telegrams to the Continental States. The gentleman who humorously signs himself "A Tortoise," and dates his letters from "The Slow Coach Office, Sluggard Square," might naturally be astonished when he found that, while the postal conveyance from London to Florence is accomplished on the fourth day, ten days were occupied in transmitting a message which ought with proper working along the lines of wire, to have been delivered within three or four hours. Mrs. Tortoise, whose name is Gallicised into "Miladi Tortue" by the gallantry of the Italian officials, though she did not arrive till the 17th in the fair capital of Tuscany, where the marital communication on the 7th had expected to find her, seems never to have received it at all; for she left Florence on the very day of her arrival, at an earlier hour than that at which the laggard message came in from Milan. In the meantime, she had got a letter from her husband, and he had got an answer from her. This will never do; and the explanation proffered, two months later, by the Continental Telegraph authorities, with their refusal to hand back to Mr. Tortoise the money which he had prepaid for their services, is most unsatisfactory. The blame, in this particular case, would appear to lie with the Swiss Administration; for the telegram reached Paris in four minutes from London, and it was safe at Lucerne before seven o'clock in the evening of the same day. There is a telegraphic line over the St. Gothard pass, with seven or eight stations between Lucerne and Milan; but an Alpine storm had swept away the posts and wires at some point along the mountain road, and the office in Switzerland, following its rule in such a case, thought proper to commit Mr. Tortoise's message to the ordinary post, under cover addressed to the nearest station-master in Italy whose portion of the line was in working order. As it happened, the St. Gothard road was for some days not only dis-furnished of its telegraph apparatus, but impassable for the carriage of mails; hence the letter from Lucerne took a whole week in getting to Bellinzona, the first town on the southern side of the Alps, and was there again put into the post for Milan. It is pro-

bable that a few hours may also have been lost in telegraphing from Milan to Florence; but the main cause of delay was certainly the conduct of the authorities at Lucerne, or rather the faulty system of managing this department in most of the Continental States. This is a matter of so much commercial and political importance that we may now take occasion to remark upon it, with some practical suggestions of amendment.

It is known, perhaps, to all our readers, that all over the Continent, instead of being the property of private companies, as in this country, the lines of telegraph belong to the Governments, as well as most of the lines of railway, and that their mutual accommodation is prescribed by diplomatic conventions, like the postal treaties between foreign States. Throughout the French empire this business forms a special department of the Ministry of the Interior; and its regulations, collected in several volumes which are published from year to year, are sufficiently complicated and precise. The German-Austrian Telegraphic Union, which has its headquarters at Berlin, extends over not merely all the States of the German Federation, but the whole of the Austrian Empire, including its Venetian, Croatian, and Transylvanian provinces; thus covering a vast space of Central Europe, from the Belgian to the Turkish frontier, and from the shores of the Adriatic to those of the Baltic Sea. A uniform set of regulations for the management of this great network of telegraphic wires, which traverse so many different States, is printed in the German language, and enforced by the superintendence of the Prussian Government, under treaty with its Federal neighbours. The kingdoms of Belgium, Denmark, Italy, and Spain, the Republic of Switzerland, and other independent sovereignties, have each its own separate administration. The powers of the State, in respect of this monopoly, are nowhere conceded to private adventurers, so far as concerns land telegraphs, but are reserved as jealously as the control of the Post-office, or the sale of tobacco, or any other item of fiscal revenue, deemed indispensable to the budgets of Continental rulers. Between themselves it has been usual for the Governments of *pays limitrophes*, that is, those territories which border upon each other, to enter into certain stipulations or working traffic arrangements in this matter of telegraphic communications, but they have no direct dealings with the other telegraphic systems, which are separated from them by an intervening foreign administration.

The directors, therefore, of an English Company, such as the Submarine or the Electric Telegraph Company, must be content with such arrangements as they can make with the nearest Governments beyond the Channel or the North Sea, and leave it to those Governments—the French, the Belgian, the Dutch, the Hanoverian, or the Danish—to provide for the further despatch of messages sent from London. The office here engages to put upon the Continental telegraphs any messages entrusted to it in London; just as the South-Eastern Railway Company issues tickets for the conveyance of passengers over the foreign lines of railway, as far as Geneva or Vienna. In the case we have just noticed, it was the Vicomte de Vougy, Imperial Director-General at Paris, who had, at the instigation of the Submarine Company's Paris agent, to call the Swiss administration to account for the delay of Mr. Tortoise's message; and it was for M. de Vougy afterwards to insist on the repayment of the Englishman's money, or that portion of it at least which belonged to the telegraph in Switzerland. We do not, however, dispute the claim of Mr. Tortoise to the reimbursement of the whole sum, 19s. altogether, which he had prepaid at the office of the London Company; that being a matter for the English law to decide, having regard to the contract, the guarantee, or the agency, which may have been undertaken by this Company, as to the further transmission of messages beyond its own lines. But it should be well understood, that redress for such grievances as Mr. Tortoise justly complains of must ultimately be obtained from a foreign authority, with which the English Company have no immediate correspondence; and that it is not in their hands, but in those of the French administration, to amend, if necessary, the existing arrangements for sending on their despatches through Switzerland, Italy, and Spain; and wherever, from the failure of such arrangements, an English customer has suffered damage, the appeal can only be made to conventions between those countries and France. The same remark will apply to those messages which go *via* Belgium. We believe that this department is very well managed, upon the whole, by the French and Belgian Governments. The want of punctuality and accuracy in foreign telegraphs is felt in a proportion exactly commensurate with their distance from our own shores. Those of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Turkey cause the most trouble and disappointment, both from their delays in forwarding or delivering the messages and from blunders in copying them. The submarine

lines of the Mediterranean, between Sicily and Malta and Alexandria, being under English management, work very well.

In reference to the case of this message from London to Florence, it strikes us that there was no obvious reason why the French Administration should have sent it through Switzerland at all. From Paris to Milan, by way of Savoy, the Mont Cenis road, and Piedmont, there is a telegraphic communication in about two hours. The authorities at Paris ought to have been duly apprized by the Swiss management of the havoc caused by the storm, which had made it impossible to send messages for Italy beyond Lucerne. We find in the Imperial decree of April 12th, 1856, which embodies the convention still in force between France and several of the neighbouring States, Switzerland being one of them, a clause obliging each Government, whenever it shall, for its own convenience, put a temporary stop to telegraphic communication along its own lines, instantly to inform the other Governments of it; but we do not find any similar provision for the case of an accidental interruption. This seems to us a very grave defect in the international system. Switzerland was, in fact, obtaining money on false pretences if she purposely concealed the fact of the break-down of her Alpine telegraph from customers in Paris and London, who paid her for that service which she was unable to perform. There is another clause in the same convention which might probably be quoted as justifying the authorities at Lucerne for the way in which they disposed of this message when they could not send it on by the wires. It is clause 13, which directs that in such a case the station-managers shall send on by next post, or the next railway-train, a copy of the message, addressed to one of the stations on the further part of the line, beyond where the interruption has taken place. But we think it scarcely needs remark that the more useful course would always be, upon such occasions, to inform the senders of the message, behind, that the telegraph has ceased working from a certain point, so that they may send it, if they please, by a different route. If the Lucerne people, when they got Mr. Tortoise's despatch at seven o'clock in the evening, had signalled to the Director at Paris that they could not pass it over the Alps, it might have been put on the Lyons railway line, and safely and speedily delivered at Florence. The stupidity of their adherence to routine, in this instance, was enhanced by their probable knowledge of the state of the roads, as well as of the telegraph line, making them pretty well aware that the posted letter would undergo a considerable delay. In these circumstances, it is really provoking for Mr. Tortoise to be told, in reply to the demand for reimbursement of his money, which M. de Vougy has addressed to the Swiss management on his behalf, that they allege *le cas de force majeure*, or the physical impossibility of performing his errand, in support of their refusal to allow him what he had prepaid. So far, indeed, as the exceptions are to be inferred from perusing the rules upon this matter, they may plead clause 30 of their convention with France. It says, that the whole of the money shall be repaid, "in cases where the message has not reached its destination through the fault of the telegraphic service, or has been so much defaced and altered (*dénaturée*), that it does not fulfil its purpose; or lastly, if, from some cause or other, it arrives later than it would have done by the post;" there is, however, a general exception for the *cas de force majeure*. The total failure of this despatch might yet have been easily prevented, as we have shown, by a better arrangement between Switzerland and France. M. de Vougy should be ashamed to admit the plea of *force majeure*, till he has procured a revision of the international system with respect to these contingencies of the telegraphic service.

We would also suggest, that the diplomatic influence of her Majesty's Government might be exercised with some advantage in persuading foreign States to reform this department of their administration, for the greater convenience of British subjects using the telegraphic lines of the Continent; and especially that they should come to a distinct understanding as to the mode in which individual complaints, or demands of restitution, are to be met. Nothing can be more loose and unsatisfactory than the practically irresponsible conduct of this service, at present, in most of the countries which are not in immediate communication with the English lines. In justice both to the Submarine and the Electric Telegraph Company of London, we believe that their efforts have been unremitting to obtain a reform, and that their agents at Paris or Brussels have never failed promptly to call for the repayment of the cost of messages which were spoiled or delayed in the sending abroad. In more than one case, with which we happen to be acquainted, the reply to such a complaint has been kept back for twelve months; and in one case for exactly two years, before the Administration, for example, of Wallachia

could be prevailed upon, through the agency of the Prussian (or German) Administration, set in motion by that of Belgium, to credit them successively with the price of a lost message, for which the London Office had demanded restitution as soon as ever its miscarriage was known at this end. We cannot but think, that if, with other commercial men in London, the numerous foreign merchants who reside here, Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese, Greeks and subjects of the Ottoman empire, would memorialise the ambassadors of their respective States to urge upon their own Governments at home an amendment of this matter, their action would have a most beneficial result. And it is to be hoped that Mr. Tortoise would then again come forward in the *Times*, with another effort of his dexterous pen, to advocate so desirable a reform.

THE DOG SHOW AT CREMORNE.

We have often wondered that our sporting fraternity have been so late in establishing dog shows. Pigeon and fowl shows have become pet institutions at the Crystal Palace, while Baker-street has exhausted all kinds of stock; and horses put in an appearance last year at the Agricultural Exhibition. Even baby-shows have been held, attended principally by British matrons. Yet the dog and the cat, the household pets of humanity, have been in some unaccountable manner slighted, or have been obliged to content themselves with domestic love and admiration. An abortive attempt at a dog show, it is true, was held in Holborn some time last year, and there was another in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, but Mr. E. T. Smith is, we think, quite justified in styling this, "The First Annual Grand National Exhibition of Sporting and other Dogs." The Ashburnham Hall is certainly very well fitted for the exhibition; and, on the whole, the collection of dogs is by far the finest ever brought together in England. We confess, however, that we are no judges of dogs, in the sense of the "fancy;" and we fear that very few of the multitude which crowded the hall on the first two days could say truly that they learned anything from what they saw. Sleeping dogs, curled up nose and knees—and a large majority of the nobler animals seemed to prefer thus taking their ease to being stared at—were not likely to show many of their good points, and gave the company few opportunities of seeing all their beauty. The bloodhounds were but few in number; and although full of that noble dignity Landseer has made us acquainted with, yet to our eye lacked that sense of savage power shown in every line of the hounds of the Cuban variety. We have been so accustomed to hear it said that the old English mastiff had become extinct, that we were rather surprised to see the range of deep-eyed, full-dewlapped fellows, which seemed to look on the spectators with a look so serene and dignified that it actually became a question with us whether we or they formed the show. There is nothing in the aspect of this noble animal that inspires the least terror; on the contrary, their heads, like some of the great human heads of antiquity, seem contemplating things far off and far removed from the petty trifles of this sublunary world. Not so with the huge black and white boarhound at the top of the room, which called to mind those terrible pictures of Snyders, in which this dog, in conflict with his enemy, puts on all the savageness of the wild beast. The fancier will say that there were some real beauties among the bull-dogs. We noticed especially the pet that won the first prize, belonging to Mr. Lamphier, of Birmingham; it seems to be a point of breed in these dogs to have the nose crushed in upon the broad massive forehead. On our happening to admire a little dog of this class, the attendant took him up and showed him. "There now, sir," he said, pushing up his nose with his thumb, "if he was so, he'd be a property." We perceive that Mr. Brown, of Hampstead, shows a fine lot of bulls, but being one of the judges, he was not allowed to compete. His premises, we should think, are rather secure, with these pets around him. Bull-terriers and terriers are shown in too great profusion, as many of them are but ordinary specimens of the faithful animals. It would appear as if everybody in London had competed for the prizes for Skye terriers, the number in the show being immense, filling up one side of the long avenue; and as they lay outstretched at their ease, seeming like so many hundred door-mats. Some of the Maltese dogs were charming specimens of their kind, but apparently so delicate that they were confined, like stuffed animals in glass-cases, lest they should come to any injury by the thrust of sticks. We perceive that some of the lady exhibitors treated their pets right regally; thus a pair of white terriers, rejoicing in the names of Albert and Alexandra, reclined upon velvet cushions of the thickest pile.

The sporting dogs show well, and that is all we can say. How

they "work," or what means the judges had of ascertaining their capabilities in the field, is a sore puzzle to us; indeed we cannot see that their awards can be of much value, beyond pronouncing on the appearance of the animals, a method of judgment, no doubt, satisfactory enough as far as fat stock is concerned, but we should fancy very unsatisfactory where capacities of useful service are in question. Perhaps among the sporting dogs the retrievers made the finest display, reinforced as they were by so many Russian specimens. The Irish black-and-tan setters also attracted the attention of the sporting part of the spectators. We confess, however, the department that excited our attention most was that devoted to foreign dogs, a moral interest attached to some of these exceeding in our eyes all questions of breed. For instance, there was the "Etah," the only surviving Esquimaux dog brought home by Dr. Kane after his expedition to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin. This powerful animal, of a dirty white colour and fox-like physiognomy, seemed quite up to the work of dragging with others the heavy weights we hear of their doing—a fact we never could understand from the drawings of this dog by arctic voyagers, which show him to be generally of an insignificant size. Another odd animal is the reindeer or elk dog; so is the "thorough-bred Australian dog" or dingy we hear so much of, an animal in which the wolf predominates very much. The Turkish or Asiatic dog, the scavenger of the East, is also a beast we have read of in books, but never before have had an opportunity of seeing. There are also several Chinese dogs and a wild Prairie dog of India here—indeed the foreign collection of animals is the most perfect ever brought together, and is highly interesting to the naturalist.

The prize cups presented by Mr. Smith, to the value of £1,000, are exhibited in a central position. We must confess that they do not show much originality of design; indeed, the whole of them, great and small, seem to be simply stamped in a kind of diaper pattern of very mediocre design. As regards the dogs, they have made a very handsome first appearance, and we have no doubt that an exhibition of the kind may be repeated every year with increasing popularity and success. But we may be allowed to suggest that a Cat Show ought also to be provided, for the glorification of the feline race, which, under the special patronage of the ladies, might, as well as the dogs, enjoy the honours and rewards of a public competition like this.

ART AND SCIENCE.

MUSIC.

THE second Philharmonic Concert, on Monday last, was fully equal in the interest of the selection, and superior in point of execution, to its predecessor. The following programme will speak for itself:—

PART I.		
Sinfonia in E flat, No. 10.		Haydn.
Recit. { "Giunse alfin" }	Miss Louisa Pyne (Le Nozze	
Aria, { "Deh vieni" }	di Figaro)	Mozart.
Concerto, Violin, in G major, No. 11, Mr. H. Blagrove.		Spohr.
Recit. { "I am safe" }	Miss Louisa Pyne (Do	
Aria, { "Ah! what a night" }	mino Noir)	Auber.
Overture (Preciosa)		Weber.
PART II.		
Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5		Beethoven.
Two Lieder: { "The Wooer" }	Miss Louisa Pyne (ac-	
	companied on the	
	Pianoforte by Mr. W. G. Cusins)	Beethoven.
Wedding March		Mendelssohn.

The orchestra presents a decided improvement upon that of the past season. One or two changes in the wind instruments and several additions to the strings have resulted in a greater amalgamation and increased body of tone. When the Philharmonic orchestra was almost wholly changed, some few seasons since, owing to the impossibility of the same artists holding engagements, as before, both at these concerts and at the Royal Italian Opera, many strange players were necessarily introduced; and that consensual and sympathetic unity, which can only result from long-continued association, was, necessarily, largely sacrificed. Time, however, is fast remedying this, and the present body of Philharmonic instrumentalists is acquiring that confidence in each other and that attention to the varying shades of expression without which an orchestral performance is cold and colourless. The symphonies, overture, and March, in Monday's selection, were all well played; and Spohr's concerto was accompanied with a care and precision which must have relieved Mr. Blagrove from an anxiety that too often embarrasses a solo player. To hear Mr. Blagrove in a concerto of Spohr's is the next best thing to having heard the great master execute his own music. A worthy pupil of the greatest classic of the violin, Mr. Blagrove plays Spohr's music with that thorough acquaintance with, and comprehension of, its characteristics, without

which it loses its chief effect. The peculiar mechanism which belongs to Spohr's school of violin playing, the intricate harmonic progressions in which he indulges, the alternate solidity and playfulness of the passages; all these peculiarities find their best interpreter in our excellent violinist, whose performance on Monday last was worthy of himself and of his master. It is rare to hear such perfect intonation as that of Mr. Blagrove in the difficult passages of "double stops" which commence the final rondo of the concerto; added to which, the purity and brilliancy of his tone can scarcely be surpassed. Judging by the applause which followed the conclusion of the concerto, the audience estimated Mr. Blagrove's performance as highly as we have done. Miss Louisa Pyne cannot sing otherwise than well; but some little trace was perceptible of the fatigues of the opera season which she has just concluded. The two charming "Lieder" of Beethoven lose by the translation of the text, however well executed; and the delicacy of the pianoforte accompaniments (carefully played by Mr. Cusins) cannot but appear feeble when so ill-placed as immediately after the C minor symphony, closing as it does with one of the grandest climaxes of any of Beethoven's orchestral works. The "Wedding March," chosen, doubtless, with reference to the recent Royal marriage, closed an excellent concert, the programme of which possessed the great and unusual merit of having a short second part. This is a precedent we would gladly see followed. As a symphony by Beethoven generally commences the second part, the attention and interest arrive here at their culminating point, and what follows is seldom more than an anti-climax. The second concert of the Musical Society of London took place on Wednesday evening, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.		
Symphony in G—Letter Q		Haydn.
Scena—"Ah! lo previdi" (Andromeda)		Mozart.
	Madame Rudersdorff.	
Concerto—Violoncello, Signor Piatti		Piatti.
Aria—"Questi avventurieri infami" (Il Seraglio)		Mozart.
	Mr. Weiss.	
Overture—(Manfred)		Schumann.
PART II.		
Symphony in C minor—No. 1		Mendelssohn.
Duo—"De quelle ville es-tu?" (L'Etoile du Nord)		Meyerbeer.
	Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Weiss.	
Overture (Abu Hassan)		Weber.

Haydn's charming symphony, so full of that genial simplicity and learned skill which few other masters possess in such intimate combination, was given with that alternate refinement and force for which the orchestra of the Musical Society has long been remarkable. The novelty of the concert was Schumann's overture to "Manfred," being a portion of the illustrative music the composer wrote to a text founded on Byron's drama. It would have been more just to Schumann's reputation, about which there is such a diversity of opinion, to have produced the entire music of "Manfred," of which, as of his setting of "Faust," German critics speak highly. The overture to "Manfred" is written in a wild and gloomy spirit, reminding one of some of Spohr's mistaken efforts at what we must call the "metaphysical" style. The embodiment, in music, of the profoundest sensations of our highest nature can only be realized by a very exceptional genius. The attempt at such high expression by a genius of a lesser order, too often results only in forced effort and unintelligible mistiness. There are degrees of genius, and although it appears to us erroneous to assign to Schumann, as his greatest admirers do, the highest rank; still, competent and dispassionate critics must claim for him a grade far higher than has yet been accorded him in this country. It is, however, by his smaller works, especially his pianoforte music and his songs, that Schumann should be judged. Estimated by these, and they are many, it is difficult to conceive any dispute as to his possession of a fine and original genius. To return, however, to the overture to "Manfred." It wants not only definite design, but that coherence of thought which is mostly to be traced even in Beethoven's later works. There is an endless succession of climax upon climax, and a broken and fragmentary effect which gives the impression of the work having been put together piecemeal, and at intervals, rather than fused by mature continuous thought. While respecting Schumann's laborious ambition, we cannot help thinking that he would have done himself greater justice, and earned more uncontested fame, by limiting himself to the composition of pianoforte music and songs, rather than by measuring his strength, and challenging comparison with Beethoven in the loftiest efforts of the art. Still, the Musical Society deserve thanks for occasionally bringing forward such works, and thereby giving opportunity for judgment on Schumann's merits. Mendelssohn's first symphony, the work of his boyhood, is interesting as containing the dawn of his remarkable powers. It is easy to trace, in this work, his early predilection for the style of Weber; the brilliancy and fire of whose genius materially influenced Mendelssohn, although afterwards modified by the higher and more abstract styles of Bach and Beethoven. These transitions were well exemplified by the performance, by the Musical Society, of the Scherzo originally belonging to the symphony, and the Intermezzo by which Mendelssohn, in later years, replaced the Scherzo. Signor Piatti's execution of his own concerto was a marvel of execution and tone, but the composition was unworthy of the playing. It is seldom that a solo player combines great executive talent with creative genius; and where this is not the case, if he

must play his own music, he should be limited to a piece of short duration. Weber's pretty sparkling overture formed an agreeable termination to the concert; the vocal music of which was worthy of the instrumental. By the report just issued, the Musical Society appears to be, in every way, in a flourishing condition. With a large subscription in hand to meet the expenses of the current season, and a rapidly-increasing library (a catalogue of which is published with the Report), this Society seems now firmly established in a prosperous career.

On Friday week the 125th annual festival of the Royal Society of Musicians took place at Freemasons' Hall. This excellent Society, the careful and inexpensive management of which is worthy of all praise, effects a vast amount of good in the relief of distress, and the provision for old age and sickness, among its members. There was a large attendance at the recent dinner, and many donations were received; among the principal of which was a contribution of £50 from Messrs. Broadwood, their eighteenth donation, besides many other acts of kindness and liberality for which the Society is indebted to that eminent firm.

On Saturday last, the Royal English Opera closed its season with "Le Domino Noir," for the benefit of Miss Louisa Pyne. An address was issued, promising renewed exertions for the next season, which will terminate the occupancy of Covent Garden Theatre by Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison. On the 7th of April, the theatre will open as the Royal Italian Opera, under Mr. Gye's lesseeship. The programme of the arrangements promises a season of the highest musical importance. *Mdlle. Adeline Patti* is again engaged; and *Madame Miolan-Carvalho*, with most of the favourites of last season, and several *débutantes* of continental reputation, make up a strong array of lady-talent. *Signor Mario* and *Signor Tamberlik* are again the principal tenors; and *M. Faure*, *Signori Graziani* and *Ronconi*, and *Herr Formes* are conspicuous among the basses and baritones. The most interesting first appearance among the several gentlemen artists promised, will be that of *M. Obin*, a dramatic singer of high excellence, and great and deserved Parisian reputation. Verdi's new opera, "La Forza del Destino," is promised, together with Flotow's "Stradella." Among the revivals are to be "Fra Diavolo," "La Figlia del Regimento," "L'Etoile du Nord," "La Gazza Ladra," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Orfeo," "Otello," &c. Mr. Costa retains his post as conductor, which is a guarantee for the continued excellence of the orchestra. The theatre is to open with "Masaniello," with all the scenic and musical splendour of its revival at the close of the last season.

ALUMINIUM GOODS.

In a compound and secret form aluminium has constituted the basis of that material which, for receptacle and domestic vessels, man has chiefly used from the earliest periods to the present hour—clay. But it was left for modern science to eliminate from its earthly condition the wondrous and beautiful metal itself, which in its pure metallic state has never been displayed to human eyes except by the skilful art of man. Slow and difficult are the steps by which the inventor wrests from Nature the results he seeks; in doubt and difficulty often he labours, perhaps to end his days without the attainment of that object which has been his life's desire, and only to leave an easy road for a follower in the field to crown himself with fame. Nearly forty years have elapsed since Wohler, of Goettingen, discovered the metallic base of clay, and nearly ten since Deville carried to a practical condition its commercial extraction.

On former occasions we have recorded from time to time the progress made in the mercantile manufacture of aluminium, noticing its more extensive production by Mr. Bell, of Newcastle, the various suggestions for its practical applications, and its qualities and properties. In the Great Exhibition there were many specimens of manufactured articles, both of aluminium itself and aluminium-bronze—a most valuable compound—as well as of both combined; the beautiful appearance of which articles attracted crowds of admirers. A great manufacture is not, however, rapidly established; and aluminium, although it possesses remarkably valuable properties, has been hitherto known rather as a curiosity than as commercially in the world's market. Our attention has been drawn afresh to the subject by an invitation to a private view of an exhibition of aluminium goods by Messrs. Mappin, Brothers, of Regent-street, who have commenced a commercial manufacture of them at their plate and cutlery works at Sheffield. Aluminium is thus practically introduced into one distinct and important department of trade, and brought forward as a competitor with silver and electro-plate. Messrs. Mappin's exhibition contains flower and fruit-stands, butter-coolers, spoons, forks, dessert-knives, napkin-rings, sugar-basins and tongs, caddy-spoons, card-cases, inkstands, dressing-case fittings, and communion services, tankards, clock-cases; ornamental, taper, and chamber candlesticks; figure groups; in short, all the articles usually made in silver, silver-gilt, or electro-plate, over each of which aluminium has advantages in durability, freedom from tarnish, and certainly in some instances, at the least, appearance. The cost of the aluminium articles is but one-half that of silver, and about equal to that of ordinary electro-plate. The freedom from tarnish is a quality which gives them an especial and high value. Aluminium itself, indeed, never tarnishes; aluminium-bronze but very slightly; and this tarnish is rubbed off by the slightest application of wetted rouge by wash-leather. Finger-marks and dirt will wash off with soap and water from the alu-

minum, and the article appears as bright and new as ever. How little aluminium-bronze even can be injured by any article of ordinary food we have witnessed in an interesting experiment. An aluminium-bronze spoon was immersed in vinegar—the most corrosive of gastronomic materials—for two hours, and subsequently left to the full action of the atmosphere. A mere film of tarnish only was produced, which gave way before the slightest application of wash-leather and rouge. The cleaning of silver or electro-plate, after such a test, would, we need not say, have been a tedious operation. The exemption of aluminium from tarnish has led to its being substituted for glass in some articles, such as butter-coolers and fruit-stands. Its specific gravity being about the same as glass, dishes or pans made of it are lighter, by reason of the metal being worked much thinner than glass could be.

Silver pans, although not in common use, are sometimes made for gourmards, and for these the specimens of aluminium stew-pans must be formidable rivals. Nothing can be purer for culinary purposes than this metal, and cost alone could prevent its introduction into daily use. At present, however, there are no mines of aluminium, no natural processes at work producing it for mankind; its elimination is as much due to the metallurgist's art as the production of mauve and magenta is to the chemist's skill.

The contrast in appearance of the golden aluminium-bronze with the whiter than silver clay-metal itself, is extremely pleasing and effective. While silver-gilt articles turning black and changing colour have, if water-gilt, to be passed through the fire to restore their freshness, or, if electro-plated, have to be recoated with fresh metal, those of aluminium and aluminium-bronze remain undimmed.

This absence of tarnishing has suggested the application of aluminium also for shako ornaments and military accoutrements. Aluminium-bronze affords a fine material for engraving writing, and linear ornamentation, as is displayed, in Messrs. Mappin's exhibition, in a trowel made for laying the foundation-stone of Mr. Bell's new seat at Rushpool, and in a very chaste offertory basin.

Another valuable property of this metal is that it can be cast and turned by the lathe. The same is the case with the bronze; the tools, however, require special hardening and tempering.

For chain-ornaments—such as the pendent chains of candelabra and chandeliers—aluminium is especially invaluable. Such chains in silver, or gilt, there is no possibility of cleaning. But perhaps the most attractive object in the Mappin exhibition may be, at this time, the simplest. A mere round disk of metal, as light as a plaster-medallion, impressed with the likenesses of the Prince and Princess of Wales—a marriage-medal executed by Mr. Browne, of the Crystal Palace—sharp, clear, and with an exquisite uniformity of surface has the aluminium taken the impress of the die, but the pale white-grey colour of the metal surpasses anything we have seen produced in gold, silver, or bronze. Ten or twelve shillings will purchase one of these beautiful works of art and science.

We have alluded to the undeviating employment throughout human history of clay for domestic and other pottery. The potter's art during the long past has not stood still; while other arts and manufactures have progressed, so also has his, and our shops display the loveliest biscuit figures, most beautiful objects in gilt, painted and ornamental porcelain, and elegant articles even in commonest Wedgwood and "stone" wares. Few, however, but would be surprised to learn that the "chinaman" was a competitor with the silversmith. Yet to some extent he is. Five and twenty years ago, when silver-plate was in high fashion, it would have been difficult to lay out in any household establishment £1,000 in British "china." It would be easy to do so now, and the result shows itself practically in the silversmith's trade when the comparison is drawn by customers between the price of a silver article and the cost of a similar one in clay—clay it may be of the finest sort, but the article made of which, like that of silver, acquires value from the expenditure of human skill and thought, and not from the intrinsic worth of the material. Not a little strange will it be if aluminium, fostering the taste for precious metals, should become a rival of its grosser oxide, as well as of the "precious metals" and their imitations.

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE spirit of rejoicing with which Austrian *savants* receive any concessions to the progress of science can scarcely be understood in this country, where science, like everything else, has been free and unfettered. The latest matter of congratulation amongst our Austrian *confrères* is the rescript of the Emperor, ordering the establishment of a Museum of Artistic Industry on a plan and for purposes analogous to our own at South Kensington. The motives assigned in the Imperial rescript for this foundation are "the necessity of favouring the rising native industry by affording adequate models for the diffusion of correct artistic tastes." The models exhibited will be changed periodically, and all objects exhibited in the museums will be regarded as temporary loans, the rights of the owners being legally preserved. The Emperor himself has laid the foundations of this new museum by presenting objects of art from the Palaces, the Treasury, the Royal Library and Arsenal, and assigned for their exhibition a portion of his own Imperial residence. A gallery for photography, and another for plaster-casts, are to be connected with the museum. Manufacturers are desired to exhibit their most select productions, and ecclesiastical, secular, and municipal corporations, as well as the nobility and gentry generally, possessing artistic objects, have been invited to contribute.

Prince John Liechtenstein has been the first to respond to his Sovereign's summons by directing a selection to be forwarded of the valuable objects adorning his numerous and magnificent residences.

The Friday lecture at the Royal Institution was by Mr. Balfour Stuart, "On the greater Magnetic Disturbances or Magnetic Storms." Besides the ordinary changes on removal to different geographical regions, and the usual diurnal and other periodical changes, the suspended magnetic needle is subjected, at irregular intervals, to sudden and abrupt disturbances, known as "magnetic storms," but here the likeness to ordinary atmospheric storms ceases, for an atmospheric storm may be very severe in Europe and yet may not happen in America, while a magnetic storm is felt all over the world. The theory of magnetic storms as laid down by Mr. Stuart is that they occur simultaneously all over the earth; that they have a daily period not depending on the heat of the sun; that they have the same ten-yearly periods as the sun-spots; that they are associated with auroras and earth-currents, which latter appear to be induced currents due to those sudden and abrupt changes of the earth's magnetism which magnetic storms denote; and that they are of two kinds taking place simultaneously, the effects on the needle being the combined result of both. On Sept. 1st, 1859, it is thought the sun was caught in the very act of creating a disturbance. Mr. Carrington was observing a spot when a bright spark of light was seen to move over its disk. He subsequently obtained the photographic records of the variations of the magnet made at all the principal observatories, and found a magnetic disturbance or storm had taken place coincidently with this occurrence on the surface of the sun. Earth-currents are currents of electricity supposed to be traversing the earth, and are caught up by the railway telegraph wires, at times interfering altogether with their manipulation. In America, at the date in September referred to, they were so strong that the telegraph could be worked without any batteries. The maximum number of solar spots occurred in 1828, 225; 1837, 333; 1846, 330; 1839, 205 spots. These were also years of great magnetic storms.

In the production of auroras the earth must be looked upon as the iron core of a Runkorff coil, the lower strata of the atmosphere as insulants, the upper strata as the secondary wires. When a sudden and abrupt change takes place in the electrical condition, a discharge follows;—if from excess of electricity, in one direction; if from a diminution, in another.

If the sun can produce auroras on the earth, why are they not possible on the solar atmosphere? Mr. Stuart thought the "red flames" observed during the late total eclipse by Warren de la Rue, Airey, himself, and others, might be auroras. The height of those red flames, 170,000 miles, was so great that he was not disposed, considering how vastly the gravitation of the sun must exceed that of the earth, to admit such a volume for the sun's atmosphere. Terrestrial auroras were often estimated as occurring at an elevation of a hundred miles; and as they possess an actinic power, carefully-taken photographs may lead to the ascertaining the height of our own atmosphere. For, as Gassiot has shown that no electrical discharge will take place in a perfect vacuum, the height of the atmosphere, and, perhaps, the nature of its components in those elevated regions, may be made out by examination of the auroral light. But these latter remarks of Mr. Stuart seem to us to negative his conclusions respecting the solar red flames, or, at least, those relating to the thickness of the solar atmosphere; for as no electric discharge can take place *in vacuo*, therefore the solar red flames, if aurora, must take place *within* the solar atmosphere; and if so, then the solar atmosphere must be 170,000 miles thick. Mr. Stuart concluded his lecture by notifying that 1868 would be a year of maximum solar spots and magnetic disturbances, expressing a hope that our own and foreign Governments, as well as meteorologists and electricians generally, would be provided with instruments, and would undertake the labours of observation at various stations to gather conclusive evidence, if possible, on the interesting question of the relationship of the solar influence to our magnetic phenomena.

Some very interesting additions have been made to the Zoological Gardens during the past week, namely, a "clouded tiger," two Malayan sun-bears, a white-fronted lemur, a two-toed sloth, a Saka falcon, two little native grebes or "dab-chicky"—birds rarely seen in captivity—a female Sonarat jungle-fowl, a Cape francolin, and five tortoises. But the most important addition has been three wombats from Australia, the largest in size ever seen. These are new to science, unless any of them should prove to be the *Phascolumys latifrons*, or *P. platiceps*, described from bones only, some years since, by Professor Owen.

THE PAST WEEK.

HOME.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Stratheden urged the recognition of the Southern States as a measure likely to take away from the North its last hope of subjugating the South, and therefore calculated to lead to an early conclusion of the war. As precedents, he quoted the recognition of the United States by France, of the South American Republics by England, and of Portugal, in 1641, by various European Powers. Earl Russell objected that these precedents were not in point. The recognition of the

United States by France was nothing less than forcible intervention; and the South American Republics were not recognized till the soil was free from hostile troops. This was not the condition of the Confederate States. The determination of the North to carry on the war was as strong as ever; and recognition at such a moment would be a most unfriendly act to the United States. Our duty was to wait and stand still. We had in former times interfered in Holland, Portugal, and Greece, but with the object to secure the independence and freedom of a great portion of mankind; and he should be sorry to see this country interfere for any other purpose.

In the Commons, on the order for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. Hennessy rose to ask a question of the First Lord of the Treasury as to the nature of the obligations with respect to Poland involved in the treaty of Vienna. He thought the House was now entitled to ask what the Government were doing. He denied that the defeat of Langiewicz was so serious a blow to the cause of Poland as the press had considered it, and observed that while the operations of this general had at no time extended beyond an irregular circle of from forty to fifty miles radius, or a total area of 1,600 miles, the insurrection reigned over 150,000 square miles, and was daily spreading. He contended that England was under a moral obligation to interfere, and quoted from Lord Palmerston's despatches in 1831, passages in which the word "obligation" was applied to the duties in respect of Poland which devolved upon England by the treaty of Vienna. He concluded by asking Lord Palmerston whether it was his opinion that no moral obligation existed on the part of England with regard to the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna affecting Poland? Lord Palmerston replied that there was no obligation upon Great Britain to interfere greatly in the affairs of Poland, and that our moral obligation had been fulfilled in 1831 by the friendly representations made to the Russian Government. He thought the House would agree with him that it would not be fitting that he should enter into details of the negotiations the Government was at present conducting. He believed they would be able to convince the House that they had done their duty, and that their efforts had at all events been productive of some good to those on whose behalf they were made.

In the Lords, on Tuesday, Earl Russell in reply to a question from Lord Shaftesbury, said he had heard of no case in which Poles travelling through Prussia had been arrested, delivered over to the Russians, and subsequently shot. Two Polish students had been arrested; but they had been claimed by the French Ambassador, and it was to be hoped they would be given up.

In the Commons, Mr. Hubbard moved a resolution affirming as the principle of our Income-tax, that the incidence of the tax upon the products of invested property should fall upon net income; and that the net amounts of industrial earnings should, before assessment, be subject to such an abatement as would equitably adjust the burden thrown upon intelligence and skill as compared with property. Mr. Gladstone pronounced the scheme proposed by Mr. Hubbard as impracticable and visionary; and upon a division the motion was lost by 118 to 70. A motion for returns of the names of the persons killed or injured, during the procession on the 7th and the illuminations on the 10th inst.; for the number of persons killed and wounded during the lying-in-state and funeral of the late Duke of Wellington; and of a copy of any order issued by the Metropolitan Police Authorities with a view to prevent a recurrence of such accidents, was agreed to. A bill for extending the principle of limited liability so as to allow a capitalist to advance a fixed sum to any business, and become a partner with liability limited to that sum, was, on the motion of Mr. Scholefield, read a second time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE dissatisfaction of the operatives with the arrangements for their relief, has been vented at Staleybridge and Ashton by the most disgraceful riots. The proximate cause of this ebullition was the resolution of the Relief Committee at Staleybridge to pay in future by ticket instead of in money. This resolution was announced to the "scholars" on Thursday week, and when on Friday the committee's officers visited the Independent school to distribute the tickets, the scholars refused to receive them. Shortly afterwards, as two of the committee were riding in a cab through the streets the mob smashed the cab windows. This was the signal for a general riot, in the course of which the windows of obnoxious persons were everywhere broken, bakers' and provision shops pilaged, the police assaulted with stones and brickbats, and the stores of men and women's clothing broken into, and their contents thrown into the streets and carried off by the rioters. For hours the town was in complete possession of the mob,—Irish lads and Staleybridge lasses vieing with one another in the revelry of destruction. It was not until the military were called out that order was restored; then the Riot Act was read, and sixty arrests were made. Parties of police were sent in search of the stolen clothes, which the thieves now endeavoured to get rid of by burning them, throwing them into the canal and into the river. On Sunday the town was crowded by holiday-makers coming from all parts in the neighbourhood to view the vestiges of the riot.

On Monday the scene of riot was transferred to Ashton, upon which a mob from Staleybridge marched early in the morning. A troop of Hussars was called out, and special constables sworn in to prevent the rioters from entering the town. But the mob had already arrived, and were plundering the bakers' and provision shops. Here again the Riot Act was read; and by the aid of

soldiers and police the rioters were driven out of the town, but not before they had done an infinity of mischief. As far as can be ascertained, none of the people of Ashton took part in the riot. But at Staleybridge, owing to the resolution of the Relief Committee to adhere to their plan of giving relief by ticket, the town continued in an excited state, the operatives refusing to accept the tickets. On Monday stones were thrown at the police; and a mob which proceeded to Hyde frightened the shopkeepers into giving them food. Five hundred special constables have been sworn in at Oldham. On Tuesday signs of active insubordination were displayed at Stockport. Stones were thrown, and windows broken, but not to any great extent. Special constables were sworn in here also, and organized into companies. A mob of rioters again marched from Staleybridge upon Ashton, but were intercepted by the police before entering the town, and driven back. An indigenous mob, however, renewed the scenes of the previous day, and compelled the bakers and shopkeepers to give them provisions. The police easily dispersed them. At Staleybridge, on Tuesday, a deputation of the discontented received a promise from the magistrates, who refused, however, to grant them an interview, that if they accepted the tickets their representations would be considered. To this they assented.

Last week the Sixth Chamber of the Correctional Police in Paris was crowded with a mixed assembly of men of title, members of the Jockey Club, high functionaries, advocates, and women of the demi-monde, to witness the trial of a couple of swindlers, who had defrauded the guests of a certain Madame Julia Barucci, *alias* Benini, *alias* Justi, who on the 4th of February last had the honour to entertain at her hotel—the Duke de Caderousse-Gramont, Viscount Gastin de Foix, Count Paul de Demidoff, the Marquis de Vivens, Count de Fontette, Count Dygneauville, Baron Albert de Schonon, Viscount de Noblet, the Marquis de Brimont, and other gentlemen, landed proprietors, &c., amongst whom was M. Miranda, a Spanish nobleman of the Queen of Spain's household. Madame had that day taken possession of her hotel, and having met a M. Garcia at Homburg, where he suffered the gambler's varying fortune in the loss of four millions of francs, consented to his request that he might introduce certain of his friends. M. Miranda, the Spanish nobleman, was one of these, M. Calzado was another. This gentleman had some time since made himself famous at Havannah by buying up all the playing cards, and importing "prepared" cards, which he sold to the dealers, and by whose aid he managed to win large sums at play. Garcia, in 1858, had been turned out of the Duke de la Rocca's for cheating at cards. Before meeting at Madame Barucci's, Garcia and Calzado had eased M. Miranda of 50,000*f.* at the Spanish-American Cercle, in the Rue de la Paix. But at her hotel he won back 20,000*f.*, and was content with this result until after supper. The two swindlers, however, had been observed by the guests to talk apart, and presently "manifested," said Madame, in her evidence, "an intention of doing something." There were only whist-tables in the room. They procured a kitchen table, had it covered with a cloth, and sat down to play, but merely as a feint. After supper the game of baccarat was proposed, and M. Miranda played for small sums. It was observed that Garcia had absented himself. In an hour he returned, and when the cards came round to him, staked so heavily, that after a while, the other guests having left the game to him and Miranda, the stakes on either side amounted to 64,000*f.* Marvellous was Garcia's good fortune. Ten times running he won, clearing 150,000*f.*, of which Miranda's loss amounted to 140,000*f.* This appeared so astonishing to the Duke de Caderousse-Gramont that suspicions of foul play arose in his mind. He rushed forward, and seizing the cards in Garcia's hands, found that some were of a lighter colour than the others. His pockets were searched, and quantities of cards were brought to light. Then he confessed that merely to change his bad luck, and without the least intention of dishonesty, he had brought in fresh cards. But the guests would not be satisfied. They insisted either that he should give back the money he had won, or go before the Commissary of Police. For a time he stormed, but at last consented to refund, and produced a bundle of notes to the amount of 50,000*f.*, protesting this was all that he had won. "Ridiculous," cried the guests; whereupon M. Garcia fled from room to room, dropping notes as he went, and pursued by the flower of French nobility. M. Calzado, too, was made to disgorge; and the pair were finally handed over to the police. Thus ended Madame Barucci's little party. Her friend, M. Garcia, has been condemned to five years' imprisonment; and his friend, M. Calzado, to thirteen months. We regret to add that M. Miranda got back nearly the whole of his money.

The growing inclination of disappointed or irritable lovers to redress their grievances by suicide or murder was illustrated last week by a trial at York, in which James Cass was indicted for shooting at Eliza Spencer with intent to do her some grievous bodily harm. Cass and Spencer were "keeping company" with each other, and on Sunday, the 21st of September last, together with another couple, also in the interesting state of courtship, went out for a walk. Spencer seems to have been a lady of a lively and somewhat provoking disposition; for, as they were walking, she gathered a nettle and "nettled" the prisoner's face. Not liking this sort of billing and cooing, the prisoner said, "D— it, don't;" upon which the lively Eliza, of course, did it again, wringing from her lover the exclamation, "D— it, Liz, don't be so soft." After this they went home; but at night they met again, the girls walk-

ing out together and taking no notice of the pair of disconsolate males who followed. Stung by this arrangement as much as by the previous application of the nettles, the prisoner and his friend asked the girls if they meant to walk in this way; upon which Eliza turned round, took off her swain's cap and threw it over the hedge. The prisoner now warned her that if she would not walk with him she should walk with no other man; and presently, on arriving at a lonely part of Sprotborough-lane, he took a pistol out of his pocket, and, retiring some paces, fired it over her head. Upon this they all ran home, the prisoner first hiding the pistol in the lane. On the following day he went to the house of the prosecutrix's mother, who accosted him with "How dare thee show thy face here, thou villain?" to which he replied, "I've done it, I've done it; I'm ready to suffer," and then leaned his head against the wall. There is no doubt the pistol was loaded, for shots were found in the trees where the girl was standing when her lover fired at her. But the defence was that he only intended to frighten her, and the jury acquitted him. This is not the way to check the morbid feeling which is daily producing murders and suicides, and we should not be surprised if this verdict should be found to encourage other moody lovers to follow Cass's example.

On the same day Major Wombwell, of the 12th Lancers, was defendant in an action for slander and assault brought against him by Mrs. Strickland, a lady in whose house the major had taken apartments for himself, his bride, a maidservant, and two manservants. After a few weeks' tenancy Major Wombwell became alarmed at the amount of his bills, the grocer's bill especially. He found that from the 1st of November to the 22nd of December his butcher's bill amounted to £11. 3*s.* 1½*d.* In one month and five days he and his retinue, or some one else for them, had consumed 26 lb. of loaf sugar, and 17½ lb. of crystal sugar in one month. Though he used gas, and was charged for it, he had to pay for 7 lb. of dip candles, and 5 lb. of sperm candles in little more than a month. For fires he was charged 17*s.* 6*d.* a week; and 7½ lb. of tea were used in less than five weeks. This was hard to bear; and as lodging-house keepers are proverbial for rapacity, the major jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Strickland was like the rest of her sisterhood, and in no measured terms told her so. According to the lady, he charged her roundly with stealing his tea and his brandy; called her a swindler and a thief; flourished his stick in her face; threatened to knock her brains out; told her that if her son were there he would shoot him like a dog; and said she was a — drunken —. He denied all this; but admitted that, upon being contradicted by her, he said, "I will not be called a liar by a — bitch like that." If the tea and sugar lay heavy upon him, his imputations were not to be borne by the opposing party; and therefore when, shortly afterwards the major's wife expressed a desire for a mutton-chop, Mrs. Strickland, with fine irony, sent her up a loin of mutton with a pair of scales, requesting her to weigh the chops for herself. But irony was not a sufficient revenge for the indignant landlady. She brought her action and the jury gave her £50 damages.

A terrible scene took place last week on board the *Venus* hulk, to which the crew of the Peruvian corvette, *Arica*, had been transferred, while the corvette was being fitted out. The crew numbered 160, of whom 90 were soldiers. During the day the soldiers had been allowed to go on shore, where they got drunk, returning to the hulk at night, smuggling a quantity of liquor on board. Then they commenced to riot, and refusing to obey their officers, the sailors were ordered to arrest the disorderly. Upon this a pitched battle ensued, both parties armed with muskets and bayonets; the soldiers, by the free use of the bayonet, driving the sailors between decks. The captain was now sent for, and with drawn cutlass dashed down amongst the mutineers. This renewed the contest, and the yells and shrieks of the excited and drunken men could be heard for some distance up and down the river. Some were thrown overboard, others escaped into boats. One man, and it is feared others, was drowned; two soldiers were killed, and several mortally wounded. A midshipman who had been ill died from the excitement. In the end, however, the mutiny was suppressed, and the mutineers placed in irons.

A trial of importance to railway companies and railway travellers was held at Derby on Saturday last. The action was against the Midland Railway Company. The plaintiff on arriving at the Derby station, not observing that he was landed on the east instead of the west side of the platform, turned to an opening to the right, as he had been accustomed to do on the other side, thinking it the way out. The opening, however, proved to be the entrance into a horse-dock, three feet below the level of the platform, into which the plaintiff fell, broke his arm and sustained other injuries which kept him in bed for three weeks. The defence was that the plaintiff's contract was with the North Staffordshire Company, which used that station by arrangement with the Midland Company, and that defendants were not liable. But the Lord Chief Baron expressed a strong opinion that the Midland Company was bound to keep their station reasonably safe for all persons lawfully using it for purposes of business; and that the case was analogous to that where a person has dug a hole on his own land so near to a highway that a person lawfully using the highway falls into it, in which case the person on whose land the hole was dug would be clearly liable. Bowing to this opinion the defendants consented to a verdict for £300 damages, and to pay the costs of the action as between attorney and client.

On Saturday morning, at Sledmere Castle, near Malton, died

that "fine old English gentleman," Sir Tatton Sykes, at the ripe age of ninety-one. His breeding stud was the largest in England, numbering upwards of two hundred horses and mares of all ages. His feats on horseback were almost fabulous. When a young man, he started from home to ride a race for a friend; rode it, weighed, and rode back again—a distance in all of 400 miles. He rode always from Sledmere to London when he had occasion to visit the metropolis, riding back as far as Barnet the same night. As a master of fox-hounds, he vied with the best gentlemen of England, keeping them solely at his own expense. He was an early riser, often up before the sun. Sometimes he would be seen labouring at a stone heap or slashing a fence, doing the work of some labourer, whom he sent to the Castle to refresh himself with a flagon of ale. "As a landlord," says the *Times*, "a master, and a friend, Sir Tatton was much beloved, and to him may justly be applied those words of commendation, 'He never lost a friend, or made an enemy.'"

On Wednesday the remains of Sir James Outram were consigned to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. The funeral, though not public, could hardly be called private. The carriages, containing mourners and special friends, were followed by a long cortege of private carriages; and a dense respectful crowd met it at the doors of the cathedral, where the coffin was taken up on the shoulders of the Mackenzie Highlanders, who had stood beside their chief on his march to Lucknow. In the Jerusalem Chamber a crowd of noblemen and gentlemen were assembled, who, when the funeral procession had entered, the choir was marshalled, two and two, and marched through the cloisters into the nave, and followed the procession into the choir. The burial service then commenced, and in a few minutes more—"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"—the soldier lay in his last resting-place. During the service the nave of the cathedral was crowded with people, and the Westminster boys, who cherish the memory of Warren Hastings and other Indian heroes, filled the galleries.

Dog shows have emerged from the obscurity of public-house yards, and are now to be reckoned amongst the most interesting of our exhibitions. The first effort on a creditable scale in this direction was made at the proposed Horse Repository in Holborn. A few months later the novelty culminated in the splendid show of last year in the Agricultural Hall at Islington; and henceforth we are to have two yearly exhibitions, one at this Hall, and the other at Ashburnham Hall, Chelsea, which has, on a lesser scale, nearly every requisite for such a purpose except ventilation, a sad defect to bipeds with any powers of scent. The Chelsea Exhibition has been open during the week; and the show of dogs, though not comparable to that at Islington last year, and deficient in the large breeds, is good, numbering 1,200 dogs of every kind, from the largest and noblest down to the tiniest.

A singular accident took place at Brighton last week. A pair of horses, while the coachman was buckling the reins, darted off with the carriage at full gallop, traversed several streets till they reached the Marine Parade, dashed through the wooden railings and over the sea-wall, at a height of 70 feet from the ground below. The horses, worth £300, were killed on the spot, and the carriage broken into a hundred pieces.

The authorities of Edinburgh have resolved not to open the Botanic Gardens on Sunday.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

THE Conscription Bill has already begun to produce results, the most prominent of which are an exodus to Canada on the one hand, and the determination of all who can find the passage-money towards Europe. Crowds of English, Scotch, Irish, and Germans, who cannot afford to pay 300 dollars for a substitute, are claiming the protection of the consuls and ambassadors of their native countries. Discontent prevails amongst the working classes, who are unable to pay and unwilling to fight, but who have no consuls or ambassadors to appeal to; and the democratic journals have not failed to comment upon the late Polish conscription in terms so applicable to their own that the parallelism cannot be missed. But Mr. Lincoln by hook or by crook must have soldiers, and his difficulty in obtaining them is manifestly increased by the distaste to fighting which has lately come over the Irish and Germans, and which has been increased by the unfair play they have met with. This is particularly observable in the treatment of the Irish, who have done the best part of the fighting, and have been placed invariably at the post of greatest danger. General Meagher has memorialized the Secretary of War, urging that his brigade, which has been reduced to little more than 1,000 men, might be relieved from duty in the front, and sent to quarters where they could recruit their health. By their bravery they have deserved this favour, but it has been denied them.

There has been a great Union meeting in New York at the Cooper's Institute, and a meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Association in Broadway. The former was signalized by the Anglophobia of the speakers. The latter was called to hear an address from Mr. Vallandigham, the burden of whose oration was that the Union would be restored, but that it never could, would, or ought to be restored by war; and that the only chance left for the ultimate reconstruction of the Government on a new basis was the immediate cessation of hostilities. Mr. Benjamin

Wood, one of the members of Congress for the city of New York, goes further. In the speech which he was not permitted to address to the House of Representatives, but which he was permitted to print, he declares that reunion is impossible, and that, if it were possible, it is undesirable.

Of military operations, there is not much to record. Neither at Vicksburg nor at Charleston have the contending parties made any movement; but disease, which in all wars claims more victims than the sword, has asserted its power at the former place. Despondency and the marsh fever, aided by relaxed discipline, have done their work in the Federal army so effectively, that, according to the report of an agent of the Sanitary Commission, nearly every tent is an hospital. On the 26th ult. the number of sick was 12,000, of whom a large number were daily dying, and out of the whole force not more than 20,000 men were fit for duty. On the morning of the 9th a body of Confederate cavalry made a sudden descent upon Fairfax Court-house within the Federal lines and succeeded in carrying off General Stoughton, Provost-Marshal Oscanner, from 50 to 100 prisoners, and 110 horses. On the 7th the Federal cavalry attacked the Confederates at Unionville, ten miles from Murfreesborough, Tennessee, capturing their camp equipage and a number of prisoners. On the 3rd, Fort M'Alister was bombarded without result for twenty hours, after which the iron-clads retired. Telegraphic despatches from Cairo, dated the 13th, report the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson by the Confederates; and there is also a report from Memphis that the Federal Expedition up the Yazoo river had captured Yazoo city and all the Confederate transports above it. Brigham Young, the Mormon chief, has been arrested at Salt Lake city by the Federal authorities, on a charge of bigamy, and held to bail in the sum of 2,000 dollars.

Admiral Wilkes, late commodore, and notorious for his seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, has seized an English merchant steamer within sight of the harbour of St. Thomas, in pursuance, it is said, of his policy to seize all vessels *en route* to Matamoras, and send them, right or wrong, before the Prize Court at Key West, where an adjudication will occupy six months, with an appeal to New York or Philadelphia. By this delay he hopes to prevent the possibility of any supplies of goods reaching the Confederate States through Mexico. The case has excited great interest amongst the mercantile community, and was submitted to Earl Russell on Thursday. The *Peterhoff*, the steamer in question, and her cargo, are valued at £70,000, and she had also a British mail on board.

So much has been said and written, showing the determination of the South to endure extermination rather than give in to the Northern States of America, that the weight of an additional witness to the crowd who have already given evidence to this effect, is only important as confirming what we already know. Yet the speech of the Marquis of Hartington, at Lancaster, on Monday, deserves notice, because it not only rivets our conviction on this point, but gives us the evidence of an intelligent witness, that the North is as resolved as the South, and that we have nothing to expect from America for years to come but wars and rumours of wars. His lordship visited the South and the North; and not from conversation with a few politicians, nor the perusal of newspapers, but from the daily conversation of the people, their lives and conduct, he is convinced that to peace, except upon their own terms, they will never consent. Men who have lived in affluence are serving as privates in the army, badly clothed, badly fed, hardly with shoes to their feet, but "as savage and as bloodthirsty as if they had been trained up from their very youth to delight in war." Men who have been all their lives in poverty are equally eager, asking for nothing but to be led against the enemy. The women are as resolved as the men. Their very natures are changed. "They scarcely stop to mourn their relations and friends deceased, but they urge on the survivors, and would refuse to own them if they should hesitate for a moment to follow the footsteps of those who had gone before them." In the North the Marquis admits there is a party in favour of peace, but he has no faith in its power. The North will fight on. Their trade is flourishing; money and luxuries are as plentiful as ever; and if the States and the Constitutional party in the States will stand by the new conscription law, the war will be indefinitely prolonged. If, on the other hand, they do not, the war will fail for want of men.

POLAND.

THE gleam of hope for Poland which followed the first successes of General Langiewicz has gone out with his defeat, so far, at least, as the insurrection in the south-west is concerned. Hugging the Austrian frontier for the sake of the munitions and stores which he received from Galicia, and moving within an irregular circle of from forty to fifty miles diameter, his doom was certain if the Russians could despatch a sufficient number of troops to hem him round, and unless he could effect his escape. This he appears to have felt; for about the 10th instant he left the village of Goszcza, south-east of Skala, and marched in a north-easterly direction, to avoid the troops who were marching against him from Walbrom, which lies to the north of Skala, Olkusz, which lies to the west, and Miechow, which lies to the east. He succeeded in reaching Ksiaz, a place to the north-east of Miechow, and there, it is probable, learnt that a Russian column was at Jedrzejew, which lies due north of Ksiaz. Quitting the high road, he now marched east

to Chroberg, a village on the Nida, which he reached on the 16th. Meanwhile, the Russian column at Jedrzejow moved down from that place to Pinczow, a few miles to the north; a second Russian column advanced from Miechow eastward to Dzialoszyce, which approaches Chroberg on the south-west; and a third moved towards Chroberg from Stopnica, in the east. The second column, composed of 10,000 Russians, under General Szachawskoi, pushed on from Dzialoszyce to Chroberg, and in the afternoon of the 16th engaged the Poles under Langiewicz. The fight lasted from half-past two in the afternoon till seven in the evening, and terminated in the defeat of the Poles, who lost their baggage and forage waggons. It was renewed on the three following days at Zagoscie and Busk, with the total discomfiture of the Poles, many of whom crossed the Vistula into Galicia. It is stated, in a telegram from Cracow, that during the battle at Zagoscie on the 18th, Langiewicz and his staff disappeared from the field; thus implying that he had deserted his post. This statement is denied. The *Débats* says that the general, finding it every day more difficult to get provisions for his men while they constituted a single corps in the Palatinates of Cracow and Sandomier, whose resources had been exhausted by two months' ravages, resolved to scatter them over several points, and go himself and his officers into another Palatinate, which he expected to reach by passing through Galicia, and where he hoped to meet a fresh body of insurgents. Unfortunately he was recognized by an Austrian official, who does not appear to have given his Government much satisfaction by the act, and arrested. He was taken to Tarnow and thence to Cracow, where, according to the *Morning Post*, after some confinement in the castle, they were set at liberty on parole. The *Schlesische Zeitung*, of Tuesday, published a telegram from Cracow, stating that Langiewicz was not treated as prisoner in the citadel of that town. He has since been removed to Gratz.

We gave last week some particulars of General Langiewicz's antecedents, but the authorities on which we wrote appear to have been incorrect in stating that he had served under Garibaldi. He was Professor of Mathematics in the Polish military school of Cuneo, in Sardinia, till the establishment was closed by Ratazzi after the recognition of the Italian kingdom by Russia. Langiewicz then went to Paris and led the life of an obscure refugee in the Rue de Poissy. Upon hearing of the outbreak in Poland he borrowed fifty francs of a friend and set out to join his countrymen. He passed through Thorn, in Prussia, and, half-dead with hunger and fatigue, he was taken in and relieved at a small country house a little way out of the town. But he refused to stay there, and, on leaving, gave his name as Maryan Langiewicz.

The insurrection, however, much as its prospects are undoubtedly diminished by the defeat of Langiewicz, still exists. His dispersed soldiers, to the number of 1,000 men, rallied under the command of Colonel Schmichowski; and, though a Cracow telegram of Saturday states that they were again defeated and dispersed on the 20th, Friday week, a telegram from the same town, dated Monday last, speaks of indecisive engagements near Lazy, Miechow, and Ingolomia, the insurgents fighting under their chiefs Wisocki, Bentkowski, Schmichowski, and Rochebrune. In the Palatinate of Lublin, also, the Poles have given their enemies hot work. Under an insurgent chief, they occupied Kreszow on the 20th, Friday week, and took possession of the Government treasury. On Sunday they were defeated, says a Kreszow telegram of the 24th, and dispersed in the vicinity of Lezansk. But they fought also, with what result is not stated, at Krzeszkow and Potok; and were beaten near the forest of Panslow. In the Palatinate of Kalisch they were completely victorious in two engagements at Apatuova; and eighty waggons filled with wounded Russians were taken to Konin. Another engagement, with many killed and wounded on both sides, took place at Makorowo, but with indecisive results. A severe engagement took place on Saturday, near Konin, in which the Russians sustained serious losses. Four of their officers and sixty privates were killed, and Prince Wittgenstein wounded and taken prisoner.

It is not probable that the Poles will be able of themselves to effect their liberation, nor is there any present sign of willingness on the part of the three great Powers who are friendly to them to interfere with arms in their behalf. Lord Palmerston, while assuring the House of Commons on Monday that what his Government was doing would satisfy the House and produce some good to Poland, repudiated the idea that Great Britain was under any obligation by the Treaty of Vienna to take up arms for her. The *Moniteur* has published a letter from the Emperor to M. Billault, in which he states that the Minister's speech—which deprecated the idea of war—was a faithful and eloquent interpretation of his policy. "You have been able," he writes, "to reconcile the expression of my sympathies for the cause dear to France with the regard due to foreign Sovereigns and Governments. Your words were on all points in accordance with my meaning. I reject any other interpretation of my sentiments." This is regarded as a disavowal of the speech of Prince Napoleon. Prince Metternich is said to have returned to France to make known to the Emperor the resolution of Austria to remain neutral; and the Emperor Francis Joseph is reported to have said, "I don't see the use of Austria's identifying her policy with that of France unless she is prepared to support her opinions by force of arms. I can understand that a Power can go to war in order to attain some particular end, as France did in 1859; but it is not to be expected of Austria that she should have recourse to arms in order that she may have an opportunity of giving up a

province (Galicia)." But though the battle is left to the Poles, the longer it is maintained, however hopeless it may be, the stronger will be their claim for the moral intervention of the other Powers, which the Emperor of the French is anxious should take the form of a European Congress.

The Russian Government, by an Imperial ukase, dated Monday last, abolishes all relations of an obligatory character existing between the peasantry and the landed proprietors in the Governments of Wilna, Grodno, and Minsk, and four districts of Witebsk; directing that from the 1st of May next the peasants, whose emancipation is to be completely effected, shall pay their rents to the Governments, which will itself pay to the proprietors the price of emancipation.

A statement that Prussia had recently authorized Russian troops to traverse Prussian territory is denied, and the *Moniteur* states that the explanations of the Russian and Prussian ambassadors place it beyond doubt that no such passage of troops took place.

FRANCE.

PRINCE METTERNICH has returned to his post at Paris, hastened thither by his Government, it is said, in consequence of a statement which appeared in the *Frankfort Europe* of the 19th, to the effect that the Prince had converted Count Rechberg, who thereupon had declared that Austria would go hand in hand with France in the Polish question. It appears, however, from an article in *La France* of Wednesday, under the heading of "A Congress for Poland," signed by the secretary of the paper, that Prince Metternich is the bearer of assurances which authorize earnest hopes of an equitable solution of the Polish question; and that the Cabinet of Vienna appears disposed to participate in diplomatic action calculated to put an end to a position of affairs which is the permanent cause of trouble to Europe. *La France* considers it probable that a Congress, comprising all the Powers who signed the Treaty of Vienna, will meet at no distant date, to regulate matters upon an equitable basis.

From a letter of the Havannah correspondent of the *New York Herald*, dated the 5th inst., it would appear that the position of the French army in Mexico is not so bad as it has been reported to be. It surrounds Puebla on every side, and could easily reduce the place by bombardment, but that General Forey refrains from using his power, in the hope of reducing the garrison by cutting off its supplies, being desirous, as far as possible, to conciliate. The writer says that the French are not in a desperate position, that their way to Vera Cruz is open, that they have plenty of provisions, have only suffered through sickness, and have been well received by the people, towards whom they have conducted themselves well. Mexican papers to the 17th ult. contain a proclamation issued by General Forey, announcing to the Mexicans that the French army is about to march upon the capital to obtain, by force, from the pretended head of the nation reparation for the wrongs committed against Frenchmen, and to aid the people in the establishment of a stable form of government of their own choice.

Mr. Kinglake's imputations against the courage of the Emperor have been challenged by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who thinks that the Emperor would gain immensely in the opinion of the people were they to know that the very quality for which they have always given him credit is called in question. The writer offers himself as a witness against Mr. Kinglake's conclusions. As representative of the people, as President, and as Emperor, he says he has seen Louis Napoleon during the last fifteen years on occasions the most trying, without observing anything to question his courage, but everything to place it beyond doubt. He was close to him at Besançon in 1850, on the night of his visit to the Halle, when he walked alone in the midst of infuriated bands of the dregs of the population who shook their caps and fists in his face, and seemed on the point of tearing him in pieces, shouting in his ears "Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale." Through this mob he walked slowly and perfectly calm, even extorting respect from it by his wonderful self-possession. A few days afterwards, he saw him penetrate alone the Croix Rousse of Lyons, the most revolutionary quarter of the city; and frequently, when political passion was at its highest in Paris, and men were roused almost to madness, he saw him riding fifty paces in advance of his staff, through the long line to the Boulevards, from the Bastille to the Madeleine, without the least sign of trepidation, change of countenance, or agitation, bowing, hat in hand, in recognition of the few salutes which greeted him. When Pianori fired two shots point blank at him in the Champs Elysées, and on the dreadful night of the Orsini attempt upon his life, the writer was again near him, and testifies to his marvellous composure. These were scenes more trying than the perils of a field of battle, yet the Emperor showed no sign of fear. "If Mr. Kinglake," concludes the writer, "believes that the Emperor Napoleon is not fearless, he is alone in that belief. For my part, I have known his friends and partisans, as well as his bitterest enemies; but at no time, either of public tranquillity or public convulsion, do I remember to have heard from friend or foe the slightest doubt of his courage."

ITALY.

OWING to the state of Farini's health he has retired from office, Pasolini, Minister for Foreign Affairs, accompanying him. In Farini's place Minghetti is to be President, and Visconti Venosa, Secretary-General of Pasolini, succeeds him as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

LATEST.

In the Lords, on Thursday, the second reading of the Great Eastern Railway (New Metropolitan Station and Branches) Bill was lost. On the motion of the Lord Chancellor, a bill authorizing the sale of the advowsons of 320 of the smallest livings vested in the Lord Chancellor, and the employment of the proceeds in the augmentation of other livings, was read a first time.

Peace has been restored at Staleybridge. The Lord Mayor's Committee have agreed to give the operatives £500, with the stipulation that it shall be distributed in money. The effect of this grant will probably be to compel the local committee to abandon their project of giving relief in kind. A proposal on their part to give it half in money is under the consideration of the operatives.

On Thursday, Mr. John Bright, M.P., presided at a meeting of the Trades' Unions, in St. James's Hall, in favour of the Northern States of America and Negro Emancipation. An address to President Lincoln was unanimously agreed to, assuring him that "a portion of the British press, led by the infamous *Times*, an arrogant aristocracy, and some of the moneyed classes of the country," had misrepresented the feelings and wishes of the people; an error which "we, the Trades' Unionists and working men of London, in public meeting assembled," desire to correct. The address contains much more of this violent language, to which Mr. Bright ought not to have listened.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat-race will be rowed to-day. The start will take place at 8:30 a.m., from two boats moored opposite the Star and Garter, at Putney.

By a resolution of the Secretary of State for India in Council, the expenses of the funeral of the late Sir James Outram will, with the permission of the family, be paid out of the public funds.

The *Bulletin de Paris* states that the Orleanist committee has nominated M. Dufaure its president, and MM. Freslon and Lanjuinais its secretaries; and that Count de Falloux will come forward as candidate in the Maine-et-Loire, Count de Montalembert at Besançon, and M. Berryer at Marseilles. M. de Jaillac, formerly sub-prefect of Sceaux, will stand against M. Véron, the present representative.

A Vienna telegram states that General Langiewicz has been set at liberty on parole, and, with his followers, has proceeded to Brünn (Moravia).

It seems that Prince William of Glucksburg, brother of the Princess of Wales, will be offered to the Greeks for their king. The Prince and the King of Denmark have consented to this proposal.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY.*

A WEEK ago there seemed to be reason for hoping that the "Polish Captivity" was drawing to a close. When the call to arms first made itself heard in Poland, few listeners supposed that the summons would produce any lasting effect. It was thought that the advantages on the side of the oppressors were too overwhelming to allow any chance of success to the oppressed, and it was feared that the efforts of the country to throw off its intolerable yoke were merely of the nature of dying throes. But as telegram after telegram proclaimed the progress of the insurrection, what had originally appeared a wild and desperate scheme gradually assumed the proportions of a practicable and well-calculated enterprise. The insurgents not only baffled and eluded the Imperial troops, but they met them hand to hand, and made good their superiority whenever they were not too greatly over-matched. The moderate and the extreme parties forgot their differences for the time, and united in one common course of action. Their proclamations were remarkable for prudence, moderation, and judgment; and their policy in council was as steady and deliberate as their conduct in the field was skilful and fearless. Throughout the contest they showed to great advantage by the side of their enemies. The Russian soldiers soon grew weary of profitless fighting, and giving themselves up to plundering, became, in many instances, utterly demoralized. The officers in command of the Imperial forces were as unable to make their troops face the Polish scythemen as to prevent them from marking their progress through the country by outrage and murder. With the exception of Russia, the whole of Europe sympathizes with the Poles in their gallant struggle; and if their liberty could have been obtained by the goodwill of nations, they would before this have been free. But, unfortunately, the justice of a cause does not always ensure its prosperity, and the barren sympathy of distant friends is powerless against the active hostility of a present foe. Other conditions are wanting for success, other forces must enter into the conflict. It is difficult to form a correct idea of the power of resistance which the insurgents may still possess; but now that they have suffered one severe check, and have lost one of their ablest leaders, we can scarcely expect, though we may still hope, that they will be able to work out their deliverance from captivity.

* The Polish Captivity: an Account of the Present Position of Poles in the Kingdom of Poland, and in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. By Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

All that relates to Poland is at present of such deep interest that anyone who can give authentic information on the subject deserves a cordial welcome. The book in which Mr. Sutherland Edwards has depicted the "Polish Captivity" would have been valuable at any time, but the opportuneness of its arrival so enhances its merits that it is certain to command a greater than ordinary success. The early history of the country, the successive changes through which it has passed, and the events which have of late years invested it with so mournful an interest, are all carefully investigated and vigorously narrated. It is a subject which few writers are competent to deal with, but Mr. Edwards possesses special qualifications for the task. Personal experience has made him well acquainted with Poland and the Poles, the interest he takes in their fortunes has led him to study the question of their wrongs with zeal and assiduity, and his acquaintance with Slavonic languages enables him to make use of stores of information which are unserviceable to the ordinary student. Consequently he is entitled to speak with authority, and his opinions on the condition, feelings, and prospects of the various nations which he describes, deserve a very different hearing from that which we should give to the crude theories formed by a careless traveller passing hastily through an unfamiliar land.

Mr. Edwards visited Poland and Russia in 1861 as the special correspondent of the *Times*, and a portion of the book now before us appeared in the columns of that journal. He arrived in Warsaw soon after the massacre of April, and found the whole city mourning for those who had fallen on that occasion. All amusements were suspended, none but sombre garments were worn, none but mournful music was heard. The streets and squares were full of soldiers, but "this display of force was rendered as little offensive as possible. The soldiers doing street-duty were without weapons of any kind, and their behaviour was perfectly good." So far he can speak in favour of the Government, and the charge brought against it of suppressing the national language appears to him to be exaggerated. Here is his testimony on the subject:—

"From what I had heard of the Russianizing system pursued in the kingdom of Poland, I was surprised to find that Polish was the language of the public offices in Warsaw almost as much as of everyday life; and that in more than one office it was difficult to find a clerk who understood Russian. My ticket of residence, given by the passport authorities, was in the national tongue; so also was the visa obtained at the head-quarters of the police; so also was a paper, acknowledging the receipt of some books which, before being delivered up to me, had to be submitted to the censor. At the post-office, Russian seemed to be an unknown language.

"The inscriptions on the Government buildings are usually in Russian and Polish; sometimes in Polish alone, but never in Russian alone. In the official journal, Russian and Polish are used side by side as a rule; but, occasionally, notifications and advertisements are printed in Polish only. I believe that, in theory, the Russian currency was substituted for the Polish long ago by the Emperor Nicholas; but, in practice, Polish coin and notes circulate everywhere, and the shopkeepers all state their charges in the ancient money of the country—though they willingly accept, at a just equivalent, Russian, Prussian, Austrian, or any other ready cash."

So unpopular is the Russian language in Poland that even Russian ladies abstain from using it in the presence of Poles. Russian books are scarcely to be obtained in Warsaw, and the newspapers are thoroughly Polish. The censorship is so strict that it is impossible for any journal to express the popular indignation, but

"Some of the Warsaw newspapers, however, have their recognized devices for protesting in print against the existing state of things in Poland. Thus they never mention Russia by name, but always speak of her as 'a certain Power,' and it was once the rule at all Polish printing offices, until the device was noticed and put a stop to, to print the PAST and the FUTURE in capital letters, and the PRESENT in the smallest possible type."

In fact, the "Russianizing" system has utterly failed, and the only result it has produced is an indiscriminating hatred on the part of the Poles for everything Russian. They cannot forget the savage insolence and cruelty of the former Grand Duke Constantine, the crushing tyranny of Nicholas, the tortures inflicted on the students of the University of Wilna, the transportation of thousands of families to the Caucasus, the systematic contempt displayed for the feelings of the nation, the terrible punishments inflicted upon some of its noblest sons. Take, for instance, the case of Prince Roman Sanguszko.

"The crime committed by the Prince was that of having fought for his country. He was well acquainted with some of the members of the Imperial family, had been in the habit of meeting the Empress at Berlin when he was a student and when she was still a Prussian Princess, and had often danced with her at her father's court. She was horrified, as any woman of the least heart must naturally have been, at the thought of this young man of twenty-four being sent for life to Siberia to work in the mines, and entreated the Emperor to pardon him, or, at least, to mitigate his punishment. The Empress herself and all the sisters of the young Prince went down on their knees and begged the Emperor to spare him. These prayers were not without their effect on the tyrant. He sent for the order condemning the Prince to hard labour in the mines, and 'deigned to add,' with his own hand, 'To be conducted to his destination on foot.'"

All this oppression, all these cruelties, have served only to bind the Poles more closely together. If it had not been for the forcible partition, says an eminent Russian journalist, Poland might have

died out through the insufficiency of its own institutions, through the development of one class to the exclusion of all others, and through the ultimate corruption of this class. But the touch of the foreign sword revived the spirit of the nation, and in destroying its political existence gave it a fresh moral life, which has never since deserted it. And if it had not been for the savage conduct of the Russian soldiery during the last two years, the Conservative and the Republican parties would have kept alive their standing feud instead of coalescing into one patriotic party. For the Poles have been addicted to quarrelling from time immemorial. Mr. Edwards gives an interesting account of the dissensions and follies by which they prepared the way for the ruin of their country. In the chapter entitled "How Poland fell," he traces the gradual decline which preceded the final overthrow, and points out how often what ultimately happened was predicted. But the prophecy was always made to careless ears. Sobieski, on his deathbed in 1695, spoke of the state of Poland as hopeless, and twenty-seven years previously John Casimir, in his speech to the Diet on the occasion of his abdication, had foretold the ultimate fate of the Republic. But the most striking prediction is that which the priest Skarga uttered in a sermon addressed to the Polish nobles in the beginning of the seventeenth century. After speaking of the ambition of political parties, the power usurped by the nobility, the little respect paid to the authority of the King, he makes a vigorous attack on the conduct of the nobles towards the peasants, and then "predicts all the terrible calamities which a century and a half afterwards fell upon the Polish nation; not in symbols or metaphors, but in the clearest and most precise manner."

"The foreign enemy who is seeking to crush you will advance towards you, and, seizing you by your weak side, laying his hand on your dissensions, will cry out, 'Now that their hearts are no longer of one accord they are lost.' And he will profit by this moment so fatal to you, and so favourable to his tyranny. . . . On the traces of your discords foreign despotism will advance and swallow up all your liberties. These liberties, of which you are so proud, will become the fable of prosperity, and the laughing-stock of the world. For your children will perish, with their families and all that belongs to them. They will die in misery in the hands of their enemies. . . ."

"Your language, the only one among the Slavonian tongues chosen and adopted by liberty, you will see destroyed. You will see your race degenerate, and what remains of it will be dispersed through the world. And you will be condemned to undergo a horrible metamorphosis; to assume the manners and habits of a people who hate and despise you."

The fall of Poland, and the triumph of Russia, Mr. Edwards remarks, were fully prepared, from the outside, before the end of the seventeenth century. The internal causes of its destruction had already shown themselves in germ at the beginning of the sixteenth; the two principal ones being the *veto* and the privilege of every Polish gentleman to vote at the election of the sovereign. The right of the *veto* was never exercised till the middle of the seventeenth century, although it had long existed in theory. There was a sort of agreement among the members not to use the power for factious purposes, and it lay dormant till the year 1652, when Sicinski, the Nuncio of Upita, in Lithuania, suddenly forbade the continuance of the proceedings, and broke up the assembly. His memory is in consequence accursed throughout Poland.

"When he uttered the fatal word the Diet broke up in consternation, and on going home he was struck by lightning. His house was burned to the ground, his family was destroyed, but he himself is said to have been preserved in a sort of parched-up, mummified condition. On the anniversary of the ill-omened day, and on other days as well, the thunder-blasted frame of Sicinski used to be carried round the town of Upita in the style of our Guy Fawkes. He, indeed, deserves his shameful celebrity far more than Guy Fawkes, who only intended to blow up the members of one particular English Parliament. Sicinski did really blow up the Polish Diet as an institution, and with it the whole of Poland."

So clearly were the bad effects of the *veto* perceived by the nation, that, eighteen years after its first exercise, the members of the Diet bound themselves by an oath not to make use of it, but unfortunately the resolution in which their determination was embodied was negatived by the single vote of an obstinate dissident. Its operation broke up almost every Diet directly after its meeting, and before it was abolished by the Constitution of 1791, its evil influence had been the cause of disasters which could no longer be remedied. The second and third partitions soon afterwards followed, and the Poles had no longer an opportunity of displaying the wisdom which they had so tardily acquired.

Each of the three Powers which divided the country among themselves has endeavoured to denationalize its portion of the spoil, and has signally failed in the attempt. Whether under Austrian, Prussian, or Russian rule, the Poles have always refused to identify themselves with their masters, and have clung with a fond persistency which neither time nor suffering could overcome, to the relics and traditions of a happier age. Mr. Edwards spent some months in Galicia as well as in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and not the least interesting and instructive part of his book is that in which he describes the sentiments of the Poles towards their German rulers, and gives an account of the measures which have been carried out at various times by the authorities at Vienna and Berlin.

Whatever difference there may exist in the systems to which

the Austrian and Prussian Governments have had recourse, there is none in the feelings with which they are regarded by the Poles. Wherever Mr. Edwards went he heard the same opinions expressed, the same grievances detailed, the same oppressions denounced. Personally the Germans are detested even more than the Russians; their rule may be less harsh than that of their rivals in tyranny, but their behaviour is more annoying, their self-sufficient pedantry constantly inducing them to adopt measures which prove an endless source of vexation to their victims. At present the Austrians appear to be inclined to relax their severity, but they find it as difficult as ever to conciliate their Polish subjects.

(To be continued.)

LYELL'S ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

SIR CHARLES LYELL is *facile princeps* among our scientific geologists, and there is no one who has so high a claim to speak with authority upon the interesting questions discussed in this work. He has been the earliest and most emphatic assertor of the continuity and permanence of the causes which have influenced the changes on the earth's surface, and of the necessity of interpreting the past history of our planet by the aid of contemporary phenomena. In these, he maintains, and these alone, can the geologist find the *vera causa* without which geology has no claim to a place among the inductive sciences. In the principles of geology he shows us how the earth's surface at the present day is full of motion and full of change, and how the accumulation of geological records and work for future explorers is proceeding incessantly and continuously in the same way as we are making human history and storing up materials for historians in the years to come. In the earth's crust we see a spheroidal surface abounding in irregularities of elevation and depression, the principal hollows being filled with water, but this surface, as we have said, is in a state of perpetual change. In some parts it is slowly heaving and rising, causing land to emerge gradually out of the water; in others it is shrinking and subsiding, allowing the water to gain upon the land. In some parts it is experiencing violent fractures and dislocations, the effects of earthquakes and volcanoes; in others, glaciers and icebergs are at work grooving out valleys and transporting material, while over much larger areas we have countless rivers and streams transporting daily myriads of tons of solid matter from the higher to the lower regions of the globe. Evidence of all these agencies will remain to the future geologist, but the most interesting records of any will be those which embody traces of the fauna and flora, the animal and vegetable life now prevailing on the earth, for in these will be found the surest indications of the conditions climatal or geographical under which they have been deposited. Such remains can in the vast majority of cases only be preserved in subaqueous deposits, for a defunct organism when exposed to air and rain is rapidly decomposed and dissipated into its constituent elements, so that, to ensure its preservation, it must be speedily enveloped in a matrix which arrests decay and supplies a mineral constituent for each particle of animal matter lost of the substance. Now the earth's surface has been the subject of very diligent scrutiny within the last century, and the result has been the investigation of beds of fossiliferous stratified deposits which, if arranged vertically over each other, would extend to a depth of from ten to thirteen miles; these beds have been divided into twelve principal formations, and these again into three main groups, "primary," "secondary," and "tertiary," according to the greater or less correspondence of their animal remains with the forms now inhabiting the earth. The changes of climate, geographical features, and types of animal life thus indicated are very marked, and indicate the extreme imperfections of the geological record as far as it has at present been investigated; as an example of which we may mention that between the chalk and eocene formations which close the secondary and commence the tertiary period respectively, an interval of time must be imagined which may not unreasonably be compared with the ages occupied by the whole tertiary group, that is, a period so vast that the greatest duration ever claimed for the human race sinks into insignificance when compared with it; and yet this period is represented, if at all, by only a few fragmentary patches. The aspect of the fauna and flora of this tertiary period has a much greater resemblance to what we see at the present day than those of the preceding epochs, and the formations occurring in it have been subdivided into groups according to the greater or less proportions of their fossil shells belonging to living or extinct species. At the close of this epoch great changes took place in the temperature of our globe. A glacial period set in over the northern hemisphere, and a large portion of what is now dry land was submerged beneath a sea bearing vast icebergs laden with mud and fragments of rock. These icebergs deposited their burden in unstratified and unsorted masses over the subjacent land and against the shores which remained above the water; as may well be seen near Cromer, on the Norfolk coast, where the cliffs consist of boulders of granite, porphyry, greenstone, lias, chalk, and other masses, heaped up together, which fragments may be traced to their Scandinavian home; and both before and after this submergence glaciers were at work on a scale and in localities hardly conceivable at the present day, traces of their existence being found abundantly in Wales, Scotland, and the English lake district, while those in

* The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on the Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Murray.

Switzerland many times exceeded their present diminished representatives, and extended from the Bernese Alps to the mountains of the Jura. At the end of this period we may place the commencement of the present geological epoch; the principal reason for so doing being the coincidence of the fossil shells since deposited with those now inhabiting the waters of the globe. But great geographical changes have been wrought and are still in progress within this epoch. At its commencement the British Isles formed a portion of the Continent, and it was during this continental state, if the present indications of geology be true, that man first made his appearance on the earth while yet it was tenanted by the now extinct mammoth cave-hyena and woolly rhinoceros. Regarded, therefore, from the geological point of view, the claims put forth for the antiquity of our race are of the most modest dimensions, but their historical aspect is very different. If our author's conclusions be correct, and it is hard to rise from a perusal of this volume with any doubt upon the subject, we must concede to the human race an antiquity in comparison with which even the mythical records of Assyrian and Chaldean historians shrink into insignificance.

The question has not arrived at its present state without a struggle upon purely scientific grounds, and a comparison of this book with Sir Charles Lyell's earlier works will indicate the conflict through which his own mind has passed. We have said that the formations belonging to the present or post-tertiary epoch are recognized as belonging to one period by the modern aspect of their fossil shells, but they are subdivided into two groups according to another very important paleontological feature, that is to say, the presence of remains of extinct mammalia. The newer formations, in which not only the shells but all the fossil mammalia coincide with existing species, are called *recent*, the name *post-pliocene* being assigned to those in which, while the shells are modern, some of the mammalia are extinct. Now for many years past we have been continually growing more and more familiar with the evidences of human occupation embedded in the newer or "*recent*" formations, and whatever difficulties such discoveries might present to the historian, they were no stumbling-block to the geologist, inasmuch as they were always found associated with the remains of existing mammalia. The relics of human organisms and of human art have been found abundantly in all quarters of the globe. They occur with the remains of log cabins buried deep in the peat of Irish bogs. They have been found in mounds on the Mississippi and the Ohio, overgrown with a vegetation whose age we scarcely dare to compute. They have been extracted from a great depth in the alluvium of the Nile delta, and from the ancient beds of the Forth and Clyde. But by far the richest archaeological harvest has been gathered from the contents of Danish peat mosses, with their associated "Kitchen Middens" or shell mounds, and from the relics of the innumerable lake villages, which were formerly built on piles driven into the beds of the Swiss lakes. The Danish and Swiss archaeologists have explored the pre-historic antiquities of their respective countries with the greatest minuteness, and we are enabled almost to reproduce the social life and history of the ancient inhabitants of Central and Northern Europe, to trace their gradual improvement in the useful and ornamental arts, and their advance from the ruder age of stone implements to that of bronze, and finally of iron, at which stage they make their appearance in history. We can follow out their progress from the hunting to the pastoral state, we can detect the gradual introduction of domesticated animals, the cultivation of cereals, the manufacture of cloth and pottery, and the use of coins. The extreme antiquity of the oldest of these relics is attested by many considerations, too numerous to be abstracted here, but we may mention that Sir Charles Lyell arrives at the estimate of from 4,000 to 7,000 years, the very lowest assignable limit. Here, however, we are only on the threshold of our discoveries. Geologists themselves have been staggered at those which yet remain to be described. For the last thirty or forty years, the existence of caves has been known in which the bones and weapons of men have been found embedded in one stalagmatic mixture with the fossil remains of extinct mammalia. The notorious Brixham cave is the example most familiar to English readers, but the caverns of the Meuse, the South of France, and Düsseldorf have supplied more striking and abundant materials. Old established and respectable geologists have hesitated before committing themselves unreservedly to the extreme conclusions which the contents of these caves would appear to warrant. The late Dr. Buckland emphatically declared that the evidence was not sufficient to necessitate the belief that the human and brute remains were deposited contemporaneously. Sir Charles Lyell, though less positive, clearly inclined towards the same opinion, and so long as the evidence of co-existence was confined to these cave deposits, it was probable that little more attention would be paid to them. But in the last six or seven years, scientific belief in these matters has been greatly stimulated by the publicity which has been given to the discoveries of human implements in the Somme valley. Through the bottom of this valley the river runs over a bed of peat some 20 or 30 feet thick, and on the sides of the valley occur abundant patches of gravel, covered with sand and loam, arranged at different elevations, some of which are as much as 80 or 100 feet above the river. These appearances tell us unequivocally that since the drainage of the neighbourhood has been in the main what it now is, the river bed has been greatly raised. During this elevation the deposits in the ancient bed and banks were eaten away, and are now represented by the fragmentary patches described above. The peat is of course the newest formation, although from its thickness, compared with the

slow growth of this substance, it must have occupied an enormous interval of time in its accumulation. Its remains have been hitherto only imperfectly investigated, but they appear to extend from the Roman occupation up to the "*recent*" period which we have just described. That the gravel patches are separated from the peat by a vast interval is evident, from the existence in the former of the relics of extinct mammalia, as well as from an estimate of the time required to effect the changes which must have intervened since their deposit. It is in these gravel patches, the upper as well as the lower, that flint implements have been discovered entombed along with the fossil remains of the mammoth and other extinct mammals. Upwards of 1,000 specimens of these instruments have been discovered in the drift of this river alone, but they are by no means confined to this locality. They have been found under precisely similar circumstances, and accompanied by the same fossil fauna, in the valleys of the Seine and of the Oise, in the silted up-bed of the Thames—especially in an old tributary of that river near the Reculvers, in the valley of the Ouse near Bedford, and at Hoxne in Suffolk; and the aspect of this English drift conveys to us the additional interesting information that the instrument bearing deposits of this country and the Continent are posterior in date to the glacial epoch of which we have already spoken. The co-existence of human instruments with the remains of extinct mammalia removes the difficulty which was felt in the case of the cavern deposits; and these last are accepted as evidence that the human bones contained in them, with the skulls in some cases indicating no mean cerebral development, in others of a low and ape-like type, belonged to men who roamed over the land with the mammoth and the cave-hyena. We have already mentioned that our author, with the most obvious shrinking from startling and destructive conclusions, has fixed upon a period of from 4,000 to 7,000 years as a possible minimum for the age of the remains of the *recent* period, but we cannot read his description of buried forests, changes of vegetation, and alterations in physical geography, without feeling that such a limit might more reasonably be multiplied by 10, 20, or even 100. At this second stage of the discovery, in which we ascend to the older, or "*post-pliocene*" epoch, our powers of computation fail. Assuming the truth of these results, we can with confidence say that, had King Solomon sent out a party of geologists to explore the districts of which we have just been treating, they would have found the main topographical features not widely different from what they are at present, and they would also have discovered these very cave deposits and drift implements which have been reserved for our day, and which would indicate to them an origin of the human race, about as much nearer to their time than it is to ours as the sun is nearer to the summit of Primrose Hill than it is to the streets of London.

As the great impulse to the belief in *post-pliocene* man was given by the flint implements of the drift, it will not therefore be surprising that their discovery should have been subjected to a searching and hostile criticism. It has been objected that the area of their deposition is too limited, and that they are to be explained away by some local peculiarity. The answer to this objection is contained in what we have already said about the geographical extent to which these discoveries have already attained. Again it has been suggested that the mammal and implement deposits of the Saume are not really coeval; that the former do occur in the deserted bed of the river; but that the latter are found in intercalated patches of gravel, of really newer origin. Every portion of Sir Charles Lyell's description rebuts this assertion. It is true that he does not notice the objection, for it is of recent date and subsequent to his own researches; but such a very essential and obvious feature could not possibly have been overlooked by a geologist of far less experience than Sir C. Lyell, and indeed a diagram at page 135 of this book exhibits a mammoth bone and flint hatchet, in immediate juxtaposition and in the same deposit. Again, the chance of the whole thing being a fraud is urged upon us with about as much force as if we were to deny that a bullet was ever picked up on the field of Waterloo because relics of the battle are being manufactured for tourists at the present day. And finally, and with greater *primâ facie* plausibility, it is maintained that the appearance of these flints must be referred to natural, and not to artificial causes. But let it be remembered, in the first place, that these instruments do not stand alone, but that we have the *unquestioned* implements of pre-historic man with which to compare them, not to mention the weapons of existing savages. It must also be remembered, and the remark is applicable to all the geological inferences alluded to in this book, that it is very difficult to convey to the inexperienced and the comparatively ignorant the full force of the signs which an expert interprets with so little difficulty. In a book or lecture they come dribbling out slowly and in detail, and they cannot affect the mind simultaneously and in their entirety as they do when presented to the inspection of one long conversant with such matters. To an expert, whether in coins, manuscripts, or bank-notes, the genuine is distinguished from the spurious by numberless minute signs, which experience alone can teach; only the most salient of these can be brought to bear upon the minds of the uninitiated, and even this is accomplished with great difficulty. On the artificial character of these celts there is almost a general consensus of opinion among the learned, which is well represented in these words of Professor Ramsay:—"For more than twenty years, like others of my craft, I have daily handled stones, whether fashioned by nature or art, and the flint hatchets of Amiens and Abbeville seem to me as clearly articles of art as any Sheffield whittle."

We have but short space left to pass from the substance to the form of this work. The antiquity of man occupies little more than a third of the volume, which contains, in addition, a valuable treatise on the glacial epoch, and a discussion of the Darwinian theory of transmutation of species, and there is no doubt that the unity of the work suffers in consequence. Throughout the whole book we are impressed by the eminently judicial character of Sir Charles Lyell's treatment; there is an utter absence of advocacy; he is candid almost to a fault; he places his subject in so many points of view, and is so careful to give due weight to every hypothesis, that it requires close reading and sustained attention to follow out his reasoning and perceive the bearing of all his arguments; but *le jeu vaut la chandelle*, and the reader lays down the volume with the consciousness of having made a definite and valuable accession to his knowledge.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARMS.*

WHEN, at the dinner of the Royal Agricultural Society of England held at York in 1854, the late Prince Consort—whose untimely death we still deeply deplore as a national loss—gave utterance to the expression "*we agriculturists of England*," his gratified audience knew that these were no mere graceful words of course, but that he had given at that early period of his career abundant evidence that he really took an interest in agriculture, and possessed true claims to be considered one of its most enlightened followers. But little note, however, was publicly taken of the circumstance; and much as we are nationally interested in the progress of that art which is the nursing mother of all the arts, few amongst those outside the agricultural world had any correct notion,—if, indeed, they had any notion at all,—of the deep and truly practical interest his Royal Highness took in the development of its resources and the practical illustration of its every-day labours. How deep this interest, and how extensive, how numerous, well ordered in conception, and carefully elaborated in execution, were his labours, this "agricultural memoir" now before us gives abundant and gratifying evidence. It has been undertaken by one who, to a practical knowledge of agriculture, with an enthusiastic interest in it, adds all the advantages which a long and useful connection with its literature bestows. Every page of this most interesting volume shows that with Mr. Morton its preparation has been a labour of love; nor is it its least gratifying feature that, while Mr. Morton displays in it the keenest appreciation of the merits of his lamented Highness as an agriculturist, he shows no less markedly his deep sense of his worth as a man. So numerous, indeed, are the delineations of personal traits of the Prince's character given in the work, that it might well lay claim to a wider and more comprehensive title than it assumes, and be considered, as in many respects it is, a graceful tribute to the personal worth as well as the agricultural merits of the Prince. Mr. Morton's work is thus possessed of wider interest than some, from the perusal of its title-page, might be disposed to think; and while, doubtless, specially interesting to agriculturists, it is worthy of a popular reception. And this is further secured by the care with which the publishers have got up the work, displayed in its beautifully printed pages, and the number and excellence of its illustrations.

Before proceeding to analyze briefly, as our space compels, the special features of the work, let us glance for a moment at those delineations of personal traits which it affords, and to which we have above alluded. It has been well said that the Prince "touched everything, and adorned all he touched." Amongst those subjects he touched was architecture; and in the engravings of Osborne House, of the Royal Dairy, and the church at Whippingham, we have in Mr. Morton's book gratifying evidence of the Prince's fine taste in this art. Of the church at Whippingham, Mr. Morton says that it is "an illustration at once of the fine taste and earnest religious feeling of the Prince Consort. . . . Great simplicity in the general outlines is united with great beauty, both of form and colour, in details; one guiding principle, apparently, being the impossibility of over-costliness of ornament, provided that it be instructive on essential points of religious truth. No incident or history of any merely human life is depicted on the walls or windows here. The Birth, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and Ascension of our Saviour are represented; and He is exhibited as 'the light of the world,' the true vine, 'the good Shepherd.'" With these evidences of his refined taste, the Prince united a practical, manly habit of doing homely things in a thoroughly honest way. Mr. Morton tells us that on the last visit of the Prince to this church, he "personally assisted in the unpacking and examination of the coloured windows" which display the pictures referred to above; and we feel a tone of sadness in his remark, when Mr. Morton goes on to say that the Prince "never saw the church in anything like a completed state. Indeed, it was not finished at his death; and it has since been proposed that a window in memory of himself should be added to the series already placed by him." But, as Mr. Morton well remarks, "it was immediately remembered that the whole church is his memorial—a monument of his own designing—which recalls at once the purity and usefulness of his character and life. The Queen intends,

we understand, to place a memorial to the Prince in her own pew."

Whatever the Prince undertook to do he did it thoroughly; no half measures. He ever remembered the injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do do it with all thy might." We can well understand that so important a thing as the education of the royal children received no small attention. In the immediate neighbourhood of Osborne House, skirting the southern edge of the Park Valley, are "the Swiss Cottage and the Gardens of the Royal children. These are interesting, for the proof they give of the practical good sense that has guided the education which the Prince thought necessary for his family; for here essentially is a school at which homely, domestic, and most useful instruction is given and received. Every garden, consisting of several plots, contains flowers (roses, lilies, pinks, &c.), and in separate beds, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries; among fruits are asparagus, artichokes, potatoes, turnips, cabbages of various sorts, onions, carrots, parsnips, lettuces, and other culinary vegetables. The cultivation of all these plants has to be looked after; and close by, in the Swiss Cottage, is a kitchen, where the vegetables which have been grown by every little gardener may be washed and cooked; where cookery of other kinds is carried on; where, indeed, all the apparatus exists for juvenile entertainments, given by those who have thus themselves carried out the whole process, from the planting of the seed or set, up to the preparation of its produce as food. It is extremely interesting," continues Mr. Morton, "to see—in the orderly arrangement of the tools, each one bearing its owner's name; in the well-tilled plots; even in the arrangements for practice and instruction in the kitchen, as well as in the admirable collections illustrative of various branches of natural history in the museum upstairs—proof of that regard for the systematic, the useful, and the practical which the Prince Consort was known to possess. And still more interesting is it to learn that not only are the immediate ends contemplated in these things fully attained, but that the family bond is strengthened, here as in humbler instances, by every homely family enjoyment shared in common. The Crown Princess of Prussia still retains her little garden, and the produce from it is sent each summer from Osborne to Berlin."

But the development of the practical notions held by the Prince on the subject of education was not confined only to the Royal children. All classes within the sphere of his influence felt the interest he took in their true progress. The labourers on the Royal farms were the special objects of his solicitude, and were benefited by his "earnest mind and genuine sincerity." What he did for the labourers in the erection of improved cottages, in the establishment of benefit societies, in the opening and keeping up of evening schools and libraries, is recorded in the third chapter of Mr. Morton's book, entitled, "The Prince and the Labourer," which thus appropriately concludes: "We do not pursue this subject further. It is reserved for another pen to give—perhaps for another generation to receive—the full record of the Prince Consort's services to national advancement through national education. Ours has been the humble office of pointing out, as in the history of his farms so in that of his relations to his labourers, and the labouring class around him, how much we owe to him as our great exemplar in the agricultural world. Both the owners and the occupiers of land may benefit by his labour and experience on the estates of Osborne and Balmoral, and on the farms around Windsor; but his Royal Highness was especially the friend of the people—the poor man's friend. Herein he well deserved a place in that class, the most eminent of all and the least numerous—those who live in advance of their own time." This chapter is useful, not merely to the educationist and to him who has the welfare of the labourer at heart. It abounds in illustrations of cottages erected by the Prince Consort on his various estates,—illustrations which convey much sound, practical information on an important subject. The block of three cottages as erected on the Osborne Estates, called the Brickfield Cottages, display in elevation a fair union of picturesque effect with economy of material. The double cottages at Alverstoke are plainer in external appearance, but the arrangement of the interior is more to our mind. It is somewhat amusing to trace, in the plans of cottages erected on the Balmoral Estate, the contrast which they afford as regards the extent of accommodation which a Scotch labourer deems necessary with that demanded by an English labourer. Nothing can be more simple than the accommodation given in the Scotch cottage, and even the "necessaries" of an English cottage, such as washhouses, seem to be looked upon as unnecessary requirements in the Scotch. Another point worthy of notice, in contrasting Scotch with English cottages, is the practice which is almost universal in the sister country of building the cottages of one storey only. This principle is, we take it, bad, and should be lost sight of as fast as possible. It compels all the bedrooms to be near the ground; and while bedrooms in a second storey, as in the humblest even of English cottages, may be damp, those on the ground-floor must be. Such is the rule; the exceptions we have found to be few, so far as our experience goes, and it has neither been confined to a small area of observation nor to a limited number of years.

We now turn to other departments of the work, connected more specially with the features of the agricultural life of the Prince Consort, who, according to Mr. Morton—and we cordially coincide with the truth of the statement—stood "alone in British agriculture as in himself the exemplar and exponent of a greater diversity of farm practice and experience than any other agriculturist." A memoir such as the work before us, with its elaborate statements

* The Prince Consort's Farms. An Agricultural Memoir. By John Chalmers Morton, Editor of the "Cyclopedia of Agriculture," &c., and Honorary Member of the Royal Agricultural Society of Holland. Longmans & Co.

of projects conceived and carried out in connection with the drainage, steam cultivation, manuring, and tillage of land, the erection of farm-buildings, the breeding of cattle, and the management of dairy stock, must be of more than usual value to the practical agriculturist. It is interesting to note what a watchful, well-observant eye the Prince had for every topic agitating the agricultural world. Amongst those which for a long time have been disputed points stands the liquid manure question. The Prince, well convinced that a grain of fact was worth a ton of assertion, at a very early period turned his attention to the practical utilization of the sewage and liquid manure within his reach. The sewage of the mansion occupying the grounds where now stands Osborne House used formerly to be brought to the sea-shore, where, at low water, it created an almost constant nuisance. "For this," says Mr. Morton, "a remedy was sought, just as it is now sought for the nuisance which town sewage almost everywhere creates; and the success of the measures taken by the Prince at Osborne may be found a useful guide to efforts on a larger scale elsewhere." This success is evidenced by the fine green and healthy appearance the herbage, to which the sewage is applied, displays in early spring, affording a marked contrast, well known to those who have had much experience in the utilization of liquid manure, to the dried-up, white, and withered look of ordinary meadows at this period of the year. The success also is measured by the fact that the grass of the plot liquid manured at Osborne "is manifold that of the land around it; and, eaten bare, it affords food enough for three or four times as large a stock." For the details of the plan by which the liquid manure is saved, and by which it is applied to the land, the reader is referred to this book itself. The excellent management of the Prince as a "farmer" is shown by Mr. Morton where he says, while writing of the property at Osborne, "Nowhere are better roads to be seen; the fences are perfect illustrations of what fences ought to be; the land is divided by them into fields of useful and convenient size; these are drained, and cleanly, deeply cultivated by horse, steam, and hand; and the homesteads are particularly well adapted for the good management of the live stock, and the safety of the dead stock, of the farm, and for the economical manufacture of meat and manure." This is high praise, coming as it does from one who knows well what good farm management is and what it ought to be. Of the details of this management this is not the place to speak; the reader specially interested in them will find them fully described, and amply illustrated by drawings, tables, and statements in Mr. Morton's work.

The management of the dairy has always possessed peculiar charms for those interested in agriculture; and as "amateur farming" is at present extremely fashionable, the chapter in which details are given by Mr. Morton of the "Royal Dairy" will be peculiarly attractive to many. The dairy stock of the Home Farm consists of nearly two hundred head, and for these the accommodation is of a very superior character. The old dairy at Frogmore was badly planned, as badly constructed, and presented none of the features which are now essential in a well-contrived modern dairy. What these features are may be learned from the Prince's own instructions to Mr. Turnbull, of Windsor Castle, who was commissioned to draw up a report on the best plan for a new dairy. We may do all dairymen a service by giving a *résumé* of what these instructions were. Air was to circulate freely round the dairy; shelter was to be had from the south and west; trees were to be excluded from close contact with it, none nearer than 30 feet, and all neighbouring shrubs to be close standards; the soil, if possible, a gravel subsoil; ample ventilation to be secured within the building, both at top and at its sides; windows to be double, to secure warmth in winter, cold in summer; water to be plentifully supplied; means for rapidly flushing the drains; no cesspools to be near the building; the walls to be hollow; the roof to be such that no vicissitudes of weather should affect the milk; the floors and walls to be paved and covered with glazed tiles; the tables and shelves of marble or of slate.

The most interesting chapter for the purely agricultural reader is that descriptive of the management and buildings of the "Prince Consort's Farms" in the neighbourhood of Windsor; these being the "Home or Dairy," and the Shaw Farm, the Flemish, the Norfolk, and the Bagshot and Rapley Farms. These represent such a wide variety of agricultural management, and are so characteristically separate and distinct, that "there can hardly be any farmer in the country to whom one or other of the many facts illustrated on these farms is not personally and professionally interesting." Of the farm buildings illustrations are unsparingly given in the work; and they represent almost every variety of structure, from the almost palatial structure of the Royal Dairy—"fit for inspection by Royal visitors"—down to the "old-fashioned thatched and wooden farm." Exemplars of our various breeds, and varieties of our farm stock, are to be met with also in these farms. At the Shaw and Dairy Farms the noble Short-horn of pure breed is to be seen in perfection; at the Norfolk Farm a herd of the juicy Devons; at the Flemish Farm the fine Hereford, almost rivalling the Short-horn; and at the Bagshot and Rapley Farms herds of the rapidly fattening Kyloe and Galloways. The humbler animals of the farm are also to be met with in perfection at the Prince Consort's Farm. At the Shaw Farm you find a herd of well-bred Berkshire pigs, and at the Home Farm you may pinch to your heart's content the ears, or punch the ribs—if you can only get at them—of the well-known "White Prince Albert's Windsor Breed." It is from these farms that the stock has been taken which have been successful competitors at the meetings of the Royal Agricultural Society and of the Smithfield Club. In the fourth chapter,

entitled "Biographical," Mr. Morton tells us the position the Prince Consort took as an exhibitor of stock at the meetings of the above societies, and the prizes he won. Some idea of the number of these may be derived from the statement that the list comprises prizes to the amount of "nearly £1,000 in money, five gold medals, six silver cups, twenty-one silver medals, two bronze medals, thirteen high commendations, and twenty-one simple commendations." The list also shows the early period at which the good Prince began his agricultural career; the date of his first prize is the year 1843. He showed his interest in agriculture at an earlier period than this, for it was in 1840, three years preceding the above date, that he became a member of the Smithfield Club. This connection, thus early formed, he maintained by the closest attention during his useful and honoured career. Not only was he a constant exhibitor of stock at its yearly shows, but he frequently honoured them with a personal attendance. In 1844 and in 1850 he visited the show in company with the Queen and Royal Family; with the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred in 1851; by himself in 1859; and with her Majesty in 1860. He had intended a visit in 1861, in that very week which conveyed to the nation the news of the loss they had sustained in his death. To the dignity of an honorary member of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland—a dignity shared with him only by the Emperor of the French—the Prince Consort added, during the last year of his life, that of the President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

THE GRAVER THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.*

WE are disposed, in some respects, to prefer this volume to any which have been given to the public by the writer first known as "A. K. H. B." Two considerable blemishes have appeared to us to affect the essays which were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and have since appeared in two volumes, under the name of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." These two blemishes were, the habit of word-making, for word-making's sake, and a certain degree of affectation. No one can read those essays to which we have alluded without feeling that if any judicious editor had had the correcting of the proof-sheets, he would with ruthless pencil have erased fully one-third of the matter. In one of the essays the writer describes himself as commencing operations by drawing out so many sheets of clean paper and cutting them into so many quarters. And we could vow that the picture is to the life. There were so many sheets to fill, at so many lines per sheet, and so many words per line. We feel that if we could have taken away one sheet out of every three, or compelled him to put only ten lines where he intended to put fifteen, we should greatly have improved the essay. The author required to be treated as gardeners treat other good things—lilies of the valley, for example. These delicious flowers are usually planted in a corner, where two or more walls meet, to prevent them from running wild, and from pushing out their sweetness in every direction. We detect a consciousness of this fault in our author's own mind. In p. 26 of "The Recreations," he begs "the courteous reader" "to suffer the writer's discursive fashion;" and in p. 74 he says "into this paragraph has my pencil of its own accord rambled, though it was taken up to write about something else." The charge of affectation is still more serious. But the writer of those clever essays laid himself open to that charge. In "The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson" we are glad to acknowledge that both the blemishes to which we have alluded disappear. These "Graver Thoughts" are, in point of fact, sermons. In composing them, it is quite evident that the author has spared no pains. As is plainly to be seen in his essays, he had plenty to say, and "The Graver Thoughts" are undoubtedly improved by the smaller number of sheets which the writer could fold neatly down in preparation for his work. The recognized "half an hour," of which he speaks, would of necessity keep him within bounds, and would restrain his "pencil from rambling of its own accord" into subjects of which he had not intended to write when he began. In the pulpit, also, there was less scope, at least for a writer so earnest as our author, for affectation and conceit. We venture to hope that, at any rate, in the second line, he would endorse the words—

"In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation."

The "Country Parson" was evidently too sincere to indulge in any want of reality when he found himself in the pulpit. There his best qualities were called out, and his "Graver Thoughts" are worded in language which is terse, pointed, and effective.

The opening chapter is devoted to a recalling to mind of "Sundays long ago." In it there are sentiments affecting both hearers and speakers, which, if they were generally carried out, would render the former less captious than they too often are, and the latter more alive to the tremendous responsibility that attaches itself to their office.

"But as for you, my friend, who never have to preach at all, you go to church on Sunday; you are there an hour and a half, or a few minutes more . . . and as for the sermon, it is just half an hour's occupation to listen to it. . . . But think how different a thing that

* The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." London: Alexander Strahan & Co. 1862.

sermon is to the preacher. To him, if his heart be in his work . . . that discourse is the culmination of all the week. His best thoughts for the entire week have probably been running on that discourse which to you is the occupation of half an hour. He fixed on that text, very likely, last Sunday evening, after considerable perplexity. Then he sketched out the sermon, and by day and night its subject was simmering in his mind. It cost many hours of steady work at his writing-table to cover those pages which you see him turn over, one in every minute or two."

Of the transitory nature of these his best efforts the "Country Parson" speaks thus feelingly:—

"And there is nothing to show for it all; nothing to be easily traced by sense. Robert Stephenson is dead, but there is the Menai Bridge; Brunel is gone, but there is the Saltash viaduct and the Great Eastern. But . . . I once saw a mass of old faded sermons of a good clergyman who was dead. They were lying on the floor of an empty room in a house to let. I have little doubt they were ultimately used for lighting fires. You could not but think what a great amount of labour had gone to producing those neglected manuscripts. You could not but think of a bright summer morning, when the people came along leafy ways, and listened (a little drowsily) to that faded sermon which, as you see, was preached on the 24th of June, 1817. You thought of a clear, frosty, winter day, on which that other sermon did duty, which bears to have been given on a certain 24th of December. But how little trace remains. . . . All the work of preparing that sermon; all the anxiety of the Sunday morning; all the hearty tones in which it was given; all the warmth of heart it awakened in the people who listened to it; have left no more trace than that inscription of June 24th, 1817. I see the people walking away home, by the various paths which lead from the church door . . . I think of the good old clergyman going home from church . . . and here is what stands for all that; in faded ink, the date I have already told you."

In the chapter entitled "Sundays long ago," we are pleased to observe a tone of mind at once opposed to the latitudinarian views which would secularize the Sunday altogether, and equally against those who would cast a gloom over that which, if properly managed, may be made the Queen of days both to parents and children. We have ourselves no patience with those narrow minds which reject the golden opportunity offered by the day of rest for binding the memories of children to their homes. Our author tells us of a man who, when he looked upon a green expanse, on which on Sunday afternoon the neighbours were quietly walking before they returned home from church, was reminded of the cities of the plain, and expected fire from heaven to destroy the evil-doers. He tells, too, of a Highland elder who spoke of the *awful sight* to be seen at Edinburgh on a Sunday. There, he said, you might see people walking along the street, smiling as if they were perfectly happy! We ourselves have a clear recollection of some sweet sunny slopes in the dry moat of a modernized ancestral castle, and of a group of merry children, born within the ancient walls, playing quietly on those slopes on a lovely July "Sunday long ago." Well can we recollect the scepticism with which the happy children received the assurance of an aged visitor, that they were tampering with holy things because they preferred a gleeful run upon the slopes to a steady walk with the elders on the gravel path. We are sure that it is perfectly possible so to spend the Sunday as to make it both the most useful and the happiest of all the days in the year. "Sunday," says the author of "The Graver Thoughts":—

"has always a character of its own; whereas Tuesday in one week need not be in the least like Tuesday in the next week, in occupation, in scene, in feeling. Nobody can speak of the character of the Tuesdays in his history. A number of Sundays is like a flock of sheep, all very much like one another. A number of Tuesdays is like a drove of animals of most varied aspect."

And he adds to these observations:—

"The peculiar kind of atmosphere that breathes from the Sundays of childhood, depends entirely on the bringing-up you have passed through. . . . Would that all parents were so kind and so judicious, as to have the will and way to make Sunday the day on which their children shall always look back as the happiest of all days! It can be done very easily."

With these views as to the Sunday, we are not surprised to find in "The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson," not only an absence of sourness and severity, but that healthy and hopeful tone of religious feeling which tends to render the message of an earnest preacher acceptable to his hearers. There is in the "Country Parson" no shutting his own eyes, or allowing his hearers to shut theirs to the realities of the eternal world, or to the influence of the conduct in this life on the destinies of the next. He blinks no truths, nor hides unpalatable facts under pleasant disguises. Yet there is a cheerful and sympathizing tone throughout this volume, which carries us thoroughly along with him, as we read, and which must have made his hearers feel that they had a friend and brother in the preacher, a fellow-aspirant to the grace of a common Father, and a fellow-sufferer in the common woes and temptations of our race.

We find it difficult to single out any one in particular of these very interesting discourses. They differ from the essays, in having been actually delivered *vivâ voce* to congregations in town and country. There is much in them that is original; very much that is instructive. They fully carry out the professed object of the writer. It was to make those who listened to him feel that religion is a real thing, with the most practical bearing on all the interests of life, and not a thing quite beside and beyond our daily experience.

SHORT NOTICES.

THE internal condition of American Democracy is the subject of a letter,* addressed by one Irish rebel of 1848, who is now a member of the Canadian Legislature and President of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, to another Irish rebel of the same date, who is M.P. of the Victoria Legislature and Minister of Public Lands in the colony of Victoria. It is introduced to the British public by an advertisement bearing the initials of Mr. Cashel Hoey, who, if he was not exactly a rebel in 1848, was of that hue; and we may conclude that whatever could be said in favour of American Democracy, in contrast with English monarchism, and against the connection of our colonies with the mother country, would be found in a document written, addressed to, and endorsed by men who, a few years ago, did their best to excite the hostility of their countrymen against the English Government.

What, then, does Mr. M'Gee, late Irish rebel, and present sympathizer with the North in its struggle to restore the Union, think of the present state of American Democracy? Plainly he has the very worst opinion of it; and his distaste for its present state and his fears for its future are based upon its "too easy, too angry, and too complete severance from the common body of Christendom, and common stock of Old World ideas, traditions, and usages." Rapidly after the establishment of independence, the patrician element, the high thoughts and polished manners of the gentleman, began to disappear, and accomplished men and women were thrust from the inner circles of governmental influence.

"The extension of population beyond the Alleghanies, the rough vigour of frontier life, the new men thrown by the wilderness into the national councils, broke down at Washington, in the most conspicuous centre of Republican rule, all the settled barriers and salutary observances of the old manners and old habits of thought."

"We have known (says Mr. M'Gee) one chief magistrate to receive his friends while warming his naked feet at the fire; a secretary of state addressing a Tammany mob in his shirt-sleeves; and a commander-in-chief speaking from the balcony of his hotel *sans culottes*, and jesting on the circumstance in his speech. . . . Some of the great senators who failed to reach the Presidency attained to the better dominion in the hearts of their friends; yet it was commonly remarked of them, that the sterling qualities which endeared them to their friends—that their very superiority—was the main cause of defeating them as Presidential candidates."

Looking into the sources of this demoralization, Mr. M'Gee finds a principal one in the common school system of the Free States which, proceeding on the dangerous assumption that the children belong to the State, eliminates the parental office from the formation of character and produces an insensibility to the special claims of age and authority; while, though intellectually it draws out the average ability of six-tenths of the generation, it crushes the highest ability under an iron uniformity. Next to this system in baneful operation comes the penny press, whose broad sheets in New York alone for a single day have been computed to cover twenty-seven superficial acres; surely an engine of vast and demoralizing power in the hands of the unscrupulous men who direct it. Pretensions, puffery, arrogance, avarice of territory, extreme pride of *nativism*,—these are the features of American Democracy against which Mr. M'Gee warns Mr. Duffy, believing that "this American bouleversement should teach us to cherish our European connection as a blessing second in value only to domestic home government." We trust that Mr. M'Gee's fellow countrymen, whose sympathies are strongly with the North, will read his letter; and pause especially on that portion of it which tells them that, while there is plenty of antipathy to the Englishman in the Free States, the sentiment of contempt is reserved for the Germans and—the Irish.

"Problems in Human Nature"† is not an attractive title for the general reader; but anything which really reflects one's inner feelings is sure to interest people who pretend even to a moderate amount of intellect. To probe to the root of our habits, and see from what sentiments they spring, and why we are vain, angry, nervous, listless, frivolous,—to have a mirror held up to us in which we can trace what is hid from the eyes of sense, yet whose operations we can feel, should not be a study barren of interest. True, few writers can hold up such a mirror as will give us a clear and true reflection; and so many have failed in the attempt that the topic itself has become a bore from the tediousness of its treatment. But the book before us is not to be placed upon the list of failures. We are especially struck by the chapter upon "The Decline of Sentiment," in which there are some valuable truths. We cannot, indeed, consent to the position that deep thoughtfulness is one of the characteristic features of modern conversation and literature, while they are characterized by studied levity of expression. These two characteristics cannot co-exist. The few only think deeply; and the levity of the many is hardly so much assumed to appear "deep," which the author seems to imply, as to hide their inability to be so. We consent, however, to this position—"Levity imposes on the mind, not only because it is generally gay, and therefore looks successful, but it has the air of being a stronger power than feeling, of which it can make so light; although levity could only attain this air by com-

* The Internal Condition of American Democracy, considered in a Letter from the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, M.P., to the Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy, M.P. Hardwicke.

† Problems in Human Nature. By the author of "Morning Clouds," &c. Longmans.

plete ignorance of what deep feeling is." The chapter on "The Source of Vanity" is well considered; and that upon "Disappointment in the Religious World" contains much sound sense and matter for reflection.

When a writer begins by informing his readers that he is approaching his eightieth year, and that he remembers the sensation produced by the flight of Louis XIV. to Varennes, in 1791, we naturally expect from the title of his work,* to find personal reminiscences of the celebrities who flourished towards the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. But when we look into Dr. Brown's work we find it is much more concerned with the present than with the past; and at times we feel that we are reading something very like a leading article on the latest American or Polish telegrams. But the doctor, though an octogenarian, is a man of vigorous and cultivated intellect, and writes with a freshness and activity of spirit, giving hard raps over the knuckles to American civilization, and especially to those "theologico-metaphysicians," as he calls them, who are endeavouring to sap the foundations of Christianity. If his "memories" are few, his "thoughts" are sound; and in the survey of men and nations which his book really amounts to, there is much wisdom and much pleasant and instructive reading.

Mr. Norval Clyne† is entitled to high rank amongst our minor poets, because he really has something to say, and says it well. He has chosen for the subject of his muse some of the most interesting events in Scottish history, prefixing to each of his poems a prose narrative of the facts they celebrate, having an eye to what is most romantic. He has thus produced a volume which is readable and valuable, apart altogether from its poetic merits. If we were to choose between his prose and his poetry, we should give the preference to the former. The style is pure and graceful, and induces us to regret that what is done so well is done so briefly. But if there is nothing in Mr. Clyne's poetry which calls for high praise, it is pleasant and readable.

Two volumes of hymns lie before us,‡ in compiling which the respective editors have performed a difficult task with skill. Good hymns are amongst the rarest of poetic produce, partly because they are written mostly from sentiments of piety by men who are not poets, partly, it may be, from the transcendent sublimity of their subject. But there are hymns which are also poems, and some very beautiful ones have found a place in both of these hymnals.

In these latter years we have had the boyhood of great men served up for the emulation of Young England by more than one writer; but the subjects chosen have been heroes of science and art, of war and statesmanship. Here is a little book§ in which we have a dozen youthful heroes chosen from Holy Writ, and set up for an example to children, in twelve chapters, appropriately headed and nicely illustrated. It is written by a mother, who dedicates it to the memory of her own child, and who has gracefully interweaved many pleasing anecdotes with her stories, at once to enforce and gild their moral.

Signor Volpe, Italian Master at Eton, has published an Italian Grammar,|| which we have much pleasure in recommending as an excellent work. An analysis¶ of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," from the pen of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, will serve as a guide to the leading thoughts of that noble poem. Miss Emily Faithfull, "printer and publisher in ordinary to her Majesty," has issued a book of Tales,** of which our younger readers will do well to possess themselves. The tales are pleasing, and the type and getting-up does credit to the Victoria Press.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 30TH MARCH.

ACTUARIES—At 7 P.M. "On the Relation of the Carlisle Table to the Government, the Registrar-General's, and other Tables of Mortality." By Jardine Henry, Esq.

MEDICAL—At 8½ P.M. "On Obstructive Dysmenorrhea Treated by Incision of the Cervix Uteri." By Dr. Palfrey.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M. (Anniversary.)

LONDON INSTITUTION—At 7 P.M. "Opera." By J. Pittman, Esq.

TUESDAY, 31ST MARCH.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—At 8 P.M. "Structures in the Sea, with a Description of the Works of the New Albert Harbours at Greenock." By Mr. Daniel Miller.

* Memories of the Past and Thoughts on the Present Age. By Joseph Brown, M.D. Longmans.

† Ballads from Scottish History. By Norval Clyne. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

‡ Hymnologia Christiana; or, Psalms and Hymns selected and arranged in the order of the Christian Season. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. Longmans. The Canterbury Hymnal; Selected and Arranged by the Rev. R. H. Baynes, M.A. Houlston & Wright.

§ The Children of Long Ago. By the Author of "Words for Women." Seeley & Co.

|| An Italian Grammar. By Girolamo Volpe. For the use of Eton. Rolandi.

¶ An Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. Smith & Elder.

** Tales from the German. Translated by E. K. E. Emily Faithfull.

WEDNESDAY, 1ST APRIL.

GEOLOGICAL—At 8 P.M. "On Recent Changes in the Delta of the Ganges." By James Fergusson, Esq.

PHARMACEUTICAL—At 8 P.M.

THURSDAY, 2ND APRIL.

LINNEAN—At 8 P.M. 1. "On some Remarkable Facts in the Physiology of Spiders and Insects." By J. Blackwall, Esq. 2. "Monograph of the Nitidulidae." By Andrew Murray, Esq. 3. "On a Sexual Monstrosity in the Genus Passiflora." By S. J. A. Salter, Esq.

CHEMICAL—At 8 P.M.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alexander's (J. W.) Plain Hints to a Young Communicant. 18mo., 6d.
Anderson's (Rev. J.) Light in Darkness. Second edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Balfour's (Mrs.) A Peep out of Window. Crown 8vo., sewed, 6d.
Beadle's American Library. The Gold Hunters. Fcap., sewed, 6d.
Blair's Lectures. New edition. By the Rev. T. Dale. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
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Bray's (C.) Philosophy of Necessity. Second edition. 8vo., 9s.
Champneys' (Canon) The Path of a Sunbeam. Fcap., 1s.
Charlesworth's (Miss) A Book for the Cottage. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Child's (The) Own Book. Tenth edition. 16mo., 5s.
Cooper's (J. F.) Eve Effingham. Cheap edit. Fcap., sewed, 1s.
Dalglish's (W. S.) English Composition. Fcap., cloth, 2s. 6d.
Deep Waters. By Anna H. Drury. Three vols. Post 8vo., £1 11s. 6d.
Dickens' (C.) Great Expectations. New edition. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Disraeli's (I.) Curiosities of Literature. New edition. Vol. III. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Edwards' (Sutherland) The Polish Captivity. Two vols. 8vo., £1. 6s.
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English Catalogue (The) of Books for 1862. Royal 8vo., sewed, 3s. 6d.
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Jones' (E. J.) Hand-book of Phonography. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
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3s. 9d.	2s. 6d.	1s. 9d.

By Order,

London, March 19, 1863.

J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

RETURN TICKETS (First and Second Class, Ordinary and Express), at SINGLE FARES, will be issued on THURSDAY, 2nd April, 1863, and intervening days, from London to stations distant over 50 miles, and from such stations to London, available to return up to and including THURSDAY, 9th April, 1863.

The usual first and second class return tickets (ordinary and express) issued on Thursday, 2nd April, and intervening days, will be available for the return journey up to and including Thursday, 9th April.

On GOOD FRIDAY, 3rd April, the TRAINS WILL RUN THE SAME AS ON SUNDAYS, and in addition, Morning Trains will be run between Bury and Cambridge, in connection with the down-train ex London, due in Cambridge at 9.40 a.m., and the up-train leaving Cambridge for London at 9.50 a.m.

By order,

London, March 26th, 1863.

J. B. OWEN, Secretary.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

On GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, and MONDAY, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will run as under, from LONDON BRIDGE STATION:—

To RAMSGATE, MARGATE, CANTERBURY, STURRY (for Herne Bay), at 7.50 a.m.

To DOVER, FOLKSTONE, HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ASHFORD, and HYTHE, &c., at 8.20 a.m.

Fares there and back.....	Covered Carriages.	Second Class.	First Class.
Children under 12 half fares.—No luggage allowed.	3s. 6d.	5s. 6d.	7s. 6d.

An EARLY TRAIN will leave Woolwich Arsenal on each of the above days at 7.0 a.m., arriving in London in time for these Excursions.

On EASTER SUNDAY only there will be a cheap excursion to Aldershot Camp, Guildford, &c., and on EASTER MONDAY only to Sandwich and Deal. Also on GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY and MONDAY to Gravesend, Strood (for Chatham and Sheerness), and Maidstone.

For further particulars, see Bills.

C. W. EBORALL, General Manager.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

All RETURN TICKETS for distances over 10 miles, issued on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th April, will be available for the return journey on any day up to Tuesday evening, April 7th, inclusive.

C. W. EBORALL, General Manager.